L'Île Percée
Clarke

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L'Île Percée

L'Île Percée

The Finial of the St. Lawrence

or

Gaspé Flaneries

Being a Blend of Reveries and Realities; of History and Science; of Description and Narrative; as also a Signpost to the Traveler.

By

John M. Clarke

Author of "The Heart of Gaspé"

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The author acknowledges the friendly help of many in assembling the pictures in this book, especially that of Esther Kingsbury, who has drawn the pen-and-ink sketches.

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Preface

THE impulse which has given birth to this book is rather more serious than sentimental. With anyone who may choose to read, I wish once more to share the lights and shades, the dramatic parade of mountains and cliff, obelisk and island, the insinuating gentility of shore and hill slope and, withal, the patchwork mantle of human history which lead up to and make the coasts of the Île Percée.

There is a still deeper purpose in the book, not overmuch paraded but too obvious to conceal, and that is to give some passing glimpse of the more ancient history of the coastside, its *memories,* a wise man has called them, locked away in the rocks which compose it. This sounds formidable and perhaps not alluring, and I must hasten to say that there are very few isolated places in the world which can, with any propriety, be called a key to some momentous epoch in the earth's history. Out here on this gulf-front the sea has cut the mountains to their roots and so has set before the eyes a story worth the reading.

Men learned little of human anatomy studying it only from the outside or from a few accidental gashes on the body. We may search the whole length and breadth of our great mountain system of eastern North America—the Appalachians—and find no more than here and there a gash or surface scratch to tell the secret of its making. But on the coasts of Percé the scalpel of the sea has gone deep and here stand exposed, riotously incarnadined, the very pene-

tralia of the mountain system. Over such intimate structures the haruspex read the future; here he reads the past. And so, amid other charms of beauty and humanity, Percé and her coast hold out this brilliant record of a long past. And there are added features in her geology which implant added beauty to her lines and are not elsewhere to be seen. These facts invite more than a passing interest in a spot otherwise naturally attractive and physically inspiring.

It is a geologist who tells this story and who invites his reader to look at the coasts of Percé through his eyes. If you draw back with an unexpressed shudder at the thought of scrutinizing and analyzing the bounties of Providence with a cold scientific glare, let us have this matter out between us here at the start.

The appreciation of beauty in nature depends on the capacity of the heart to make a response in kind. The tones of a great organ must kindle sympathetic tones somewhere, in arch or roof, choir or sanctuary, if their resonance is to rise to highest dignity and beauty. The appreciation of a landscape is not alone to be sensible of its lights and shadows, the composition of its color scheme, not even of its genius—the special grace by which it captivates and dictates; in which it declares its unlikeness to any other. The artist will draw his landscape as he sees it, or its genius as he apprehends it. So he may even paint the spirit of the lily. He may express the results of nature's work as they seem to him, and try within the limitations of his brush or clay to delineate the soul behind them. The long processes which effected these results, the constant succession of changes through

which the landscape or the lily has attained its present aspect, so far his portrayal will hardly reach.

Here is a beauteous coign of the earth; its parti-colored battlements will never fail of admiring regard. The artist has, and will have again, vainly attempted to register their wonders on canvas or in autochrome; but the soul of the place is in its history and the forces which have made it. Phase after phase of the making of the earth is registered in its rocks. There lie embodied the principles and the modes of mountain making; there in the rocks are the records of successive generations of living things which played out their existence in the ancient seas, whose present rocks are only the old muds and sands of their depths.

Geology is master of us all. All that we have or have a right to is from the earth. We know no fundamental conception of property save as it is based upon the earth—the rocks, the soil, the mines, the sea, the air. We can interpret ourselves and our relations to each other in human society only as we grow to understand more clearly the panorama of life that has preceded us upon the planet and whose remains are buried in the rocks beneath us, where generation has followed generation upward in infinite procession toward the best. *Hic breve vivitur*—the life of today is only that, the life of today; tomorrow it will be different, as it was yesterday—and through the untold yesterdays of our earth history. The destiny of humanity, the law, the true philosophy of life, are written on tables of stone which lie beneath our feet.

On the face of the Nobel medal is a design portraying Science stripping away the robe from Nature and

exposing her beauty unveiled. Before her worshipers she stands unashamed and unprofaned.

But there is a more seductive call, for on these dark green coasts Pan is not dead. I have seen him oft among the forests of the mountains, and you too may, I hope, hear him rustling through the iris swamps or in the aisles where the Indian pipe is breaking through the spruce mold, or you may glimpse him in the shadows of the salmon pool, or coming down the lavender banks of evening. Then, too, you may hear his reedy pipes that "sing everything that can be sung and tell everything that can be told."

The Gaspé Peninsula

L'Île Percée

Overture

ONCE all the roads to Percé led from the East; they followed the path of the Setting Sun, of Discovery, of Empire; it was where Aurora's quadriga disappeared beneath the Western sea, behind the veil of mystery. Now all roads to Percé lead toward the East, to where the Sun God, the deity of her aborigines, shakes his locks free of the salt and darts his first lances at the North mainland. None of them is straight and narrow like that which is said to lead to another Haven of Rest. They are broad and their waysides fair; their pastures are decked out with inspirations; their cliffs are storied treasure houses chased in brilliant hues, and their gateways are Nature's own arcades of forest and river.

From that thin line over the Atlantic, the foaming wake of the slight craft bubbling from the gray walls of St. Malo to beyond the lands of Terre-neuve, threading its mysterious course across the uneasy surface of the "quadrate gulf," the pathway laid down by Cartier, have spread all other ways; as the leaves of the fleur-de-lys depart outward from the root; and one of them ever flies at its peak the lily of France.

To portray the modern ways, to comprehend how slender are the indignities which the imperious traveler of this day may encounter in his efforts to extend his innocuous ease into these coasts, one must call back to view the constant struggles across those for-

bidding waters in the days of the 15 and 1600's. Cartier had found the Pierced Rock, Cap-Prato, the Île Percée, on a July day in 1534, when he emerged from the burning heat of the Baie-des-Chaleurs. A turn to the north amid tempestuous seas and into the quiet waters of Gaspé Bay, and his plunge into the beyond was at an end; he faced homeward in the belief that the marvelous arched island he left behind stood at the portal of the pathways to Cathay into which he had merely peered. Even so, he had taken over the whole land for his sovereign of France. He turned and came again to find next year that mighty waterway of the St. Lawrence which leads to something greater than Cathay. From that day of Cartier, during all those early years of the French supremacy, while little settlements were starting along this coast, before the *Mayflower* saw "the Northerne Parts of the Virginias" or the *Half-Moon* the shores of the Manahattoes; while still the English cared nothing for the vague claims of the Cabots, and Pocahontas was not yet a season's wonder at the court of King James; here, by this little port, passed all the ships bound up the St. Lawrence gateway, "our great river of Gaspay," for Tadousac and Quebec. All stopped for wood and water under the lee of the Great Rock; the plumed helmet, the gray roped garb, the black-robe; soldier, Recollet and Jesuit; the Gentlemen Adventurers; a host out of which came names that have stood for the most fascinating romance and the profoundest tragedies in the history of the West. Should it be your lot to look upon this dramatic coast which the waves have torn into picturesque tatters,

remember the admiring eyes that gazed upon it before yours and the long procession of great hearts which passed under its lee ever seeking greater things, moving forward from the Heart of Gaspé into the Heart of Canada and to the Heart of America.

I am writing these pages from a window that looks out upon the blue Gulf, dotted, as I count within my narrowed angle, with above a hundred fishing craft. Full as many more were to be seen in the days that soon followed Cartier and the scene has not much changed, for the fishing, the measure and the mode thereof, still smell of the French coasts. It is easy to close the eyes and bring back the old times of Pierre Denys de la Ronde, of LeClercq, Jumeau, seigneurs and sandaled fathers; to envisage the church of St. Peter which the "Bastonnais" destroyed in 1690; for the very aroma from the drying flakes with all its invigorating saltiness still carries the essence of them.

The Cadence of the Roads

I

The harness of the Maritime Provinces—Bishop Jehoshaphat Mountain on the Kempt road—The Matapedia Gateway—Its Panorama—Stirling Bay and Sir William Alexander—The volcanic fires of Campbellton—Fish among the lavas—The burning of Campbellton—Strongholds of John Calvin and St. Peter—Pointe-à-la-croix—Its Recollets—LeClercq and the Micmacs—The Micmac Mission—The Tercentenary of 1910—Traditions of the Mohawks—Champlain Memorials—Observations on the Indians and Indian Missions—Treatment of the Indians by the French and by the English.

THE avenues of the Île Percée are long. Each has its own excellences and none should be entered in a spirit of impatience or in too confident hope of reaching the end, at once worthy and evasive, on strictly schedule time. It is not at all in accord with the genius of this Quebec coast that one of these approaches is by rail, and to some of us who knew the country in its simpler days when we traveled by easy stages from coastside inn to wayside cottage, a hundred miles and more to reach a railroad end, the invasion of this tentacle of culture is still rather distressing.

The little coast settlements then were like scattered jewels, some sparkling with French vivacity, some chatoyant with the broken lustre of the Loyalists, others more sombre in their Scotch-Irish reflections, perhaps still in the rough; but the railroad, defiant of

physiographic laws, has strung them together into the unity of a coronet.*

The gateway to our passage opens two hundred miles away from its destination, just where the soil of the great Gaspé peninsula begins, in the beautiful valley of the Matapedia, at the mingling of its waters with the broader waters of the Ristigouche. Along this stream passage which draws its picturesque train athwart the Appalachian mountain ridges of Gaspé, cutting the mountains in twain now because in reality the streams were there first and have seen the mountains grow up about them; touching spots which still hold the primal bloom of the spruce and cliff, of river, lake and name; Sayabec, Val Brillant, Amqui, Causapscal; and across their dense forests where Talon, the greatest of Louis's intendants in New France, tried but failed to make a way; here the Acadians of the Annapolis valley before and after the days of Louisbourg and the pitiful hegira, broke their paths on the search for new homes. Between these

* A twice-inspired writer (John Finley in *The French in the Heart of America,* who portrays anew with intimate touch the valorous deeds of the pioneers and the vision of what might have been) has asked geographers once more to remember how the railroad has laughed at the limitations of physiography and overcome the natural demands of "geographic control." The contest against geography was never better enforced than by the construction of the Intercolonial Railroad which tied together the Maritime Provinces by an iron chain; New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island were likely at any time to slip their tether to Lower and Upper Canada, with the State of Maine projecting its head right into their heart. A wise premier saw that politics and geography would endanger the Confederation and by a mechanical device riveted the parts together.

wondrous mountains which rise like great green summer clouds, and on into the wilderness toward the St. Lawrence river, in long later years the intrepid Bishop Jehoshaphat Mountain, bible in one pocket and Cicero *De Oratore* in the other, cut his way along the Indian trail through the trees when returning in 1824 from his first visitation to the English churches of Gaspé. Today the amber waters of the Matapedia, losing themselves in the Ristigouche, are beholden of multitudes who see nothing and know little of the mysterious doings on the upper reaches: the salmon pools with their luxurious camps, the resounding labors of the lumberjacks whose visible product lies in countless hundreds of logs which floor in parquetry the streams behind the booms.

The aspiring light of the morning sun will be filtering its way between the impending dark green hills and lighting up these recesses and shadowy ripples when *vous et moi* must leave behind the comforts of a Government railway, if we would pick our way into the heart of Gaspé. This way lies before the traveler—if by rail, along the greater Ristigouche and the Bay Chaleur, an all day ride; or, if afoot, his staff is ready to his hand. Whichever he choose, he may be sorry he did not choose the other or "Ford" his journey.

The true philosopher is never in a hurry to reach the end of the road, for even before the expected destination the unexpected may happen. It is a true mark of the lazy man to press through to the end for the sake of getting a task over with. Here, in this Gaspé country, the means to the end is quite as greatly to be desired as the end itself; even as it is the Search

after the truth that inspires. If the body must needs go by train, the spirit at least may go afoot along the trails to Percé.

The dark, forest-soaked waters of the Matapedia, sparkling like a cairngorm, lose themselves in the growing Ristigouche, and the traveler will follow this stream for long beyond the point where it puts off the dimensions of a river and widens outward into an arm of the sea—the one great affluent of the Bay Chaleur, bearing the commingled waters of all the arteries of the wilderness, the Patapedia, Mistigouche, Upsalquitch, Matapedia; sweet onomatopoeias which trip along like their waters, catching the tongue now and again as they take the rocky ripples. And beyond are the contributions of a score of little *ruisseaux* from the hills of the Quebec side; *Contention* and *Argument* brooks that chatter and quarrel their way to Ristigouche waters, together with many streams which the Indians left for the French to name.

The passing timbered hills whose silver birches among the darker spruce are white-skinned dryads standing bare and unabashed, waving garlands of green in their spreading arms, make the dissected foreland of the high-lying wilderness behind, but soon cut the river panorama into enticing glimpses of its sandy islets, and ten miles through aisles of spruce and maple, interspersed with promising fields of grass and grain, slashings and thickets, again broad and patient pastures, dotted with the enduring cow and the hopeless ox, bring into view across the distant water the high volcanic dome and the phoenix village of Campbellton, new-sprung from her ashes.

This view is a long one; it stretches from France to Scotland; from the indifferent domain of the *Grande Monarque* to the presumptuous one of Sir William Alexander. It crosses these Bay Chaleur waters, from which James the First hoped to blot the record of Cartier by calling them Stirling Bay, for Baie-des-Chaleurs is Cartier's name. Campbellton recalls this Scotch invasion, perhaps indeed may not be without historic dependence on it, like the Province of New Brunswick in which it lies; and, in its heart, it still faces the waters of Stirling Bay. It is a place of sturdy beginnings, shadowed now in the memory of its tragedy and resurrection. In the summer of 1910 I was making this thrifty wooden town of five thousand people my headquarters while I transacted business with the Devonian fish that lie among strange outpourings of lava along the bank of the Ristigouche just to the west. There among the rocks is the record of a fiery catastrophe, for at the base of the volcanic dome the lavas were poured out over the bottom of the ancient coast lagoons, and their fishes and their plants were baked hard as flint in the muds where they are now found squeezed up among the beds of volcanic ashes and tuffs. Nature catching fish and frying them on the Ristigouche in the Devonian period! What a picture for the Ristigouche Fishing Club!

Daily on my vocation I passed through the yard of an extensive sawmill stacked high with bundles of shingles and piles of shingle lumber, the disjected members of the Gaspé forests, and my way lay by one of those sheet-iron tanks or incinerators into

which the mill-waste is discharged by an endless screw to the eternal fire below. Its sides were gashed by great rents and I never passed without a wonder and an open comment that such a menace could be tolerated in the heart of a lumber yard and on the outskirts of a spruce village. Within a week a fierce gale from the west blew down the valley of the Ristigouche, caught up the contents of this tank and hurled its firebrands over the entire settlement. Every home, store, church, bank and byre, every building in the place, save four, and for miles outside the town, was burned to the ground. The devastation was complete and unparalleled. Not since those Devonian days when the molten lavas emerged from the earth to make the hills that surround this village, and killed all the little fishes which lived in the near-by waters, has there been such a holocaust upon the map of New Brunswick. But the plucky people, under conditions of most appalling distress, stood firm, took courage of their hopes and built anew a village of vigor and promise. And if the blessed St. Prometheus had done nothing else than afford the means to wipe ugly little wooden towns off the landscape, he would still be worthy of his beatification.

But to us Campbellton and its fires are "over on the other side"; our road has been leading us away from the river, and from this distance the smoky Scotch Presbyterian atmosphere of the village seems to hang over it like a hazy argument, while John Knox on the south glowers across the Ristigouche waters at St. Peter on the north.

Soon the way brings us to the railroad station for

Cross Point, two miles back from the river, and there a ferry crosses the broad waters to Campbellton. The name Cross Point does not commemorate such a commonplace as the "cross-over" to Campbellton. It is the Point of the Cross (Pointe-à-la-croix), and we are now on holy ground. Post-officially the place is Ristigouche; the cross is that of the Recollets whose establishment has long been here.

The Recollets or Minor Capucins were the first established missioners on this coast to the Micmac Indians and the first of their mission stations was at Percé. Today the center of these venerable missionary activities among the Micmacs is here at Cross Point, still in Gaspé, still under the same guidance by the followers of those brave hearts who, with their sanctuaries on their backs, sought for souls in these dread wildernesses when Tadousac, Quebec and Montreal were still feeble settlements. The patient, devoted, courageous LeClercq came out to Percé in 1675 to labor alone amongst these Gaspesians. Knowing no word of their language, he set himself to render it into written form by hieroglyphs which are still intelligible to the Micmacs of today. In the winter nights and the piercing cold of the forests LeClercq, at first dumb in the language of his people, lying on the snows in the firelight while the trees snapped with the frost and the ghostly shadows of the woods wavered about him, worked out the device which was to help him make more comprehensible to the childish minds of his barbaric and brutish charges, the Way of Salvation and the Greater Glory of God. But the burden of his labors brought him the slenderest har-

vest. The churches he had built at Percé and on Bonaventure Island near by were burned by the *Bastonnais** (the old Canadian name for any sort of "Yankee"; in this case the "Yankees" aboard the vessels sent out from New York by order of the Albany Congress†), and the Indians, sun worshipers and hard strugglers for bare subsistence, were impervious

A Micmac Lodge

to his teachings. Still the Gaspesian Micmacs were the legitimate children of the Church, for long before LeClercq's day in Gaspé, by the effective procedure

* Boston made a very deep and sinister impression on the *ancien régime*. Not only were all American colonists *Bastonnais* to the French (and the term was usually accompanied by an execration) but to the Micmac Indians all American soil was, and still is today, known as *Poston*.

† See Professor W. F. Ganong, in the Champlain Society's edition of LeClercq's *Relation*.

of baptism at the point of the sword, the whole tribe of Micmacs, led by their Grand Chief Membertou, had accepted Christian faith under order from Poutrincourt. This was at Port Royal in 1610. Such methods have been adopted before in the history of religions, and who shall say they have not been efficient?

Today there are above four thousand Micmacs scattered through more than fifty reservations in the Maritime Provinces, from Gaspé to Cape Breton, and whether they are French or English by community association, they are, to the last man, Roman Catholics, and always, among themselves and called by themselves, Micmacs, though LeClercq called them Gaspesians and early French writers generally, Souriquois. The assiduous and scholarly labors of Father Pacifique of the mission at Cross Point have supplied these people with texts in their own flexible language, prayer books, hymnals, catechisms and calendars, and this notable philologist even publishes a monthly paper, the *Messager Micmac,* for his large and far-flung folk. To such fine fruitage have come at last the "wasted" labors of LeClercq. No tribe of the eastern aborigines of North America has so greatly multiplied, for they are many more than when the whites arrived; nor has so well kept its ethnological traits and language as have these Algic people under the fostering care of the Church.*

In 1910, there was held here at the Ristigouche

* Those interested in the history and results of this mission may consult: R. P. Pacifique, *Une tribu privilegiée.*

mission a celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the baptism of the tribe into the Church. It was an occasion of very exceptional interest. Representatives from most of the reservations were present, and though the gathering was essentially a religious feast, it nevertheless had obvious ethnological attractions. My own interest in it lay considerably in my association with the Iroquois of New York, and in responding to an invitation to be present, I sent to Father Pacifique, by way of introduction and credential, a letter of greeting from Baptist Thomas, Chief and President of the Iroquois Nation. My venerable friend of this ancient Confederacy sent thus, through me, to the historic enemies of the Iroquois League, a kindly word of felicitation over the long burial of the hatchet. It was more than an hundred and fifty years since the dreaded Mohawks of the Iroquois had made the last of their distant raids upon the Algonquins of the east; and yet, while I sat in the mission church on this day of remembrance, demurely listening to the mass in Latin, the sermon in French and the exhortation in Micmac, there was obviously some sort of disquieting procedure afoot, for I was made aware of restless feet going in and out, and of the impressive, though to me not altogether lucid, vehemence of the speakers. I absorbed it all with bearing as modest as my comprehension, but as I left the church one of the friars whispered in my ear that my presence had endangered the quietude of the whole affair; for some of the young men, of good memory and mischievous bent, hearing that an Iroquois, a "Mohawk," was present, had started a story

that the Mohawks were in the woods ready to "fall upon" their ancient foes as soon as these were in the church. Filled with regret lest I had been an unwelcome guest, the kindliness of the friars dispelled my apprehensions. But never could there be a more poignant lesson of the terror which the deeds of the Mohawks had inspired in these people. It was the echo of the mad scream of the Iroquois and the whir of the hatchet; it was the afterglow of the torch at the stake and the red gleam of the knife, still flashing as the centuries passed.*

In front of the monastery at Ristigouche now lies a relic of romantic historic association—a shrine to which eyes that brighten at the romance of the days of the Discovery should be directed with emotion. Champlain had not been long in the country when he sent back to the Recollet monastery in his home port of Brouage for some of the friars to do service for the spiritual needs of his little colony. In the garden of their monastery was a wellspring of water from

* These were the words of the Grand Chief regarding this singular incident, in Father Pacifique's French version of the Micmac: "Les Iroquois, nos cruels ennemis d'autrefois, auraient été mandés à Ristigouche pour la circonstance et auraient reçu ordre de profiter de ces fêtes pour fondre sur les Micmacs, et les exterminer tous! Qui si ce n'est le démon, le 'grand Menteur' Gtjimento pouvait inventer un tel mensonge? Lui, et lui seul, jaloux de l'annonce de ces fêtes, des préparatifs qui se faisaient et des heureux effets qui résulteraient de ces solennités, pouvait trouver un semblable moyen d'en compromettre le succès après avoir commencé à troubler les esprits"; and so on into other words of reassurance. I can almost feel the eyes of some hundreds of redskins turned upon me, sitting in my innocence among the pews, when the sachem spoke with such pointed disrespect of Gtjimento.

which the brothers were wont to draw for their domestic needs and infrequent ablutions. About the mouth of this well stood a curb of Caen stone carved in curved pieces knit together by bands of iron and roofed with a canopy. Far from Brouage but still

The Champlain Well, Ristigouche

with the aroma of Normandy upon it, this stone curb now crowns the well of Ristigouche. And well it may, for on the monastery records are narrations which tell of happenings within the moss-gray walls of the Rue des Recollets across the sea. It was a pious pil-

grim* brought this relic from the soil of old France to plant it here in the spiritual garden of New France, the same pilgrim, indeed, who set up in the ancient halls of the Château de Ramezay the gateway from the putative home of Champlain, through which, with an historical vision worthy of a paleontologist, he could see the youthful Founder going and coming, big with dreams of an Empire in the West.

The way turns back from Ste. Anne-de-Ristigouche, Mission Point or Cross Point (all alike apply to the mission) to the highroad, and to him afoot it is only a matter of an hour or two till he passes the outward curves of the shore known as Pointe Batterie and Pointe-à-la-Garde. These are fighting names rather redolent of story, but until we reach them let us have a further word about these Indians.

Parkman has said that "Spanish civilization crushed the Indian; English civilization scorned and neglected him; French civilization embraced and cherished him." The English seem never yet to have learned to apprehend the American Indian, in any of his relations to civilized society, whether religious or civic. I think this fact stands pretty clear both in history and now. Even yet in the United States we have been "solving" the Indian problem in the sledge-hammer, matter-of-fact Anglo-Saxon way, wholly devoid of sentiment or imagination. If we have quite failed, from Federal Commissioner down to State Agent, to get the true angle of these "wards" of nation or state, it is, I think, because no genuinely

* John Finley: Lecturer at the Sorbonne on the French Heart of America; author of *A Pilgrim in Palestine.*

and intelligently sympathetic person has ever been clothed with authority over their affairs, however genuine and well intentioned their efforts may have been. The half-hearted mechanical iteration which is so familiar from the lips of our Indians, of their longing to be as their white brother, is not genuine and is not hopeful. An Indian can not become as his white brother; his inheritance is wholly different and wholly dominant. Consider the long way by which the western European has come into his present estate and with a different start, and it must be altogether clear that the past has not for the Indians, as for us of more ancient discipline, the same key with which to unlock the future. There is a difference, too, between rapid evolution and forced evolution. It is idle to hurry the germ-plasm and just as idle for Mohonk "platforms" to attempt to decide upon the welfare of the red men. They alone comprehend their own ideals and they alone, with all substantial aid that good will and helpful disposition from their white fellows can give, should work out their destiny. "We of European origin," said President Goodnow, of Johns Hopkins, "have a long history and an extensive literature, without some knowledge of which our present life is both inexplicable and shorn of much of its attraction. . . . In our pursuit of knowledge we should not permit ourselves to neglect our past." And they of purely American origin have had a short history and no literature; their inheritance is small, too small indeed to lift them by one effort to the European plane. The status of the United States Indian now is too much like that of Sisyphus trying to overcome the law of

nature by rolling an impossible weight up an irresistible slope. Canada has done far better than we in handling the civic relations of the Indians, for she has left them to a more independent solution of their own problems. French imagination and solicitude, even in civic matters, won their confidence where Anglo-Saxon unconcern repulsed it.

It has been the same in religious matters. In absolute devotion, altars on their backs, the French priests followed these simple-minded "infidelles" wherever they journeyed, even on their wilderness hunt amid the winter's snows. And this was true not merely of the old days of the *régime,* but even up to these latter days; for Father Berthellot has told me of his own journeyings, carrying his sanctuary, among the Montagnais in the bleak wilds of the Labrador. Through trials by fire, by water, in sufferings oft, Jesuit and Recollet came to understand their Indians, and there is a very good reason for saying that the more rational treatment accorded by Canada to the tribes has been founded in large measure on the experience which French Canada has taught. I have been responsible elsewhere for remarking that, among so-called Christianized Indians, the Protestant Indian is an Indian while the Catholic Indian is a Catholic. I believe this rather broad statement is reasonably true. Scratch any sort of Protestant Indian and below his skin lie all the aspirations of his natural religion. To have turned those historic inclinations and aspirations into the paths of practical Christianity was where the Protestant, by protesting too much against the honest

past, has largely failed, and the Catholic, by appreciative nurture and appropriate admonition, has succeeded—if it is ever to be accounted success to displace a natural religion. But however we may regard the outcome of all such efforts, there comes to my mind the outcry of old Sagard, one of the first Recollets in Canada and its first historian: *O Dieu, partout les gros poissons mangent les petits!*

Never has the Indian's point of view been set forth with such appealing and simple eloquence as it was long ago by the orator, Red Jacket, to a representative of The Boston Missionary Society. In 1805, at Buffalo Creek, N. Y., where the chiefs had assembled at the request of the U. S. Indian Agent to hear what this missionary had to say, the fluent and vivid Seneca delivered this extraordinary speech, and as this deliverance has been well-nigh lost to our history and literature, this is a pertinent place to reproduce it.*

The missionary, with characteristic tactfulness, had told his listeners that they had "never worshiped the Great Spirit in the right way" but had spent their lives in "great errors and darkness," and that his "business" with them was to "remove these errors and open their eyes."

After respectful attention and "about two hours' consultation among themselves," the Seneca Chief spoke as follows:

"Friend and Brother: It was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things, and has given us a fine day for our Council. He has taken his

* This was printed by James D. Bemis at Canandaigua, N. Y., in 1809, in a volume entitled *Indian Speeches.*

garment from before the sun, and caused it to shine with brightness upon us. Our eyes are opened, that we see clearly; our ears are unstopped, that we have been able to hear distinctly the words you have spoken. For all these favors we thank the Great Spirit; and Him only.

"Brother: This council fire was kindled by you. It was at your request that we came together at this time. We have listened with attention to what you have said. You requested us to speak our minds freely. This gives us great joy; for we now consider that we stand upright before you, and can speak what we think. All have heard your voice, and all speak to you now as one man. Our minds are agreed.

"Brother: You say you want an answer to your talk before you leave this place. It is right you should have one, as you are a great distance from home, and we do not wish to detain you. But we will first look back a little, and tell you what our fathers have told us, and what we have heard from the white people.

"Brother: Listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of the Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer and other animals for food. He had made the bear and the beaver. Their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the country, and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All this He had done for his red children, because He loved them. If we had some disputes about our hunting ground, they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood. But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers crossed the great water, and landed on this island. Their numbers were small. They found friends and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men, and had come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them, granted their request; and they sat down among us. We gave them corn and meat, they gave us poison in return. The white

people had now found our country. Tidings were carried back, and more came amongst us. Yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends. They called us brothers. We believed them, and gave them a larger seat. At length their numbers had greatly increased. They wanted more land; they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened, and our minds became uneasy. Wars took place. Indians were hired to fight against Indians, and many of our people were destroyed. They also brought strong liquor amongst us. It was strong and powerful, and has slain thousands.

"Brother: Our seats were once large and yours were small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but are not satisfied; you want to force your religion upon us.

"Brother: Continue to listen. You say that you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind; and, if we do not take hold of the religion which you white people teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. You say that you are right and we are lost. How do we know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us as well as you, why has not the Great Spirit given it to us, and not only to us, but why did He not give to our forefathers, the knowledge of that book, with the means of understanding it rightly? We only know what you tell us about it. How shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by the white people?

"Brother: You say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? Why are not all agreed, as you can all read the book?

"Brother: We do not understand these things. We are told that your religion was given to your forefathers, and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a religion, which was given to our forefathers, and has been handed down to us their children. We worship in that way. It teaches us to be thankful for all the favors we receive; to

love each other, and to be united. We never quarrel about religion.

"Brother: The Great Spirit has made us all, but He has made a great difference between his white and red children. He has given us different complexions and different customs. To you He has given the arts. To these He has not opened our eyes. We know these things to be true. Since He has made so great a difference between us in other things, why may we not conclude that He has given us a different religion according to our understanding? The Great Spirit does right. He knows what is best for his children; we are satisfied.

"Brother: We do not wish to destroy your religion, or take it from you. We only want to enjoy our own.

"Brother: We are told that you have been preaching to the white people in this place. These people are our neighbors. We are acquainted with them. We will wait a little while, and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find it does them good, makes them honest and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will then consider again of what you have said.

"Brother: You have now heard our answer to your talk, and this is all we have to say at present. As we are going to part, we will come and take you by the hand, and hope the Great Spirit will protect you on your journey, and return you safe to your friends."

II

The Battle of the Ristigouche—Passing of the old régime—The weakening of England's power in the West—The seigneuries—Shoolbred—Scaumenac Bay—The fishes of Migouasha—Anthony Plourde—The Hugh Miller cliffs—Memorials of the Scotch geologist at Cromarty and at Scaumenac—The boulder beds below the fish—Their record of river and glacier—Human relics of the sea-bottom.

WE were about to speak of the Battle of the Ristigouche which is registered on the countryside by the little projections into the river, Pointe Bourdeau, Pointe Batterie and Pointe-à-la-Garde; as well as by great pyramids of solid cannon shot dug from the soil of the gardens in the Monastery at Ristigouche. It is a fight almost forgotten by the annalist and yet here, under our eyes, were fired the last guns for the conquest of Quebec. Wolfe, in 1758, had crawled along the outer coasts, after the sun had set on Louisbourg, under orders from Amherst to burn the French villages, but with little pride in his mission he left more than he destroyed; indeed, he sent General Murray to do the work on the Miramichi, in New Brunswick, and another officer to fire the church at Mont-Louis on the St. Lawrence; but his heart was too tender and too large for much of this petty business; so he fished and hunted in Gaspé Bay till it was time to go back and he left the settlements of the Baie-des-Chaleurs pretty much alone. And just as Wolfe passed these by, so did all the long procession of events of 1759 involved in the struggle for Quebec.

But after the fall of Montcalm and after Levis had vainly administered return of punishment to Murray, then at last did the Ministry at home in Versailles bethink themselves that their fortunes in the New World were in jeopardy. Neglect and indifference on their part, inconceivable corruption at her own heart, turning to naught all her wondrous endeavors, had brought New France to her knees. Quebec had capitulated, a new cycle had begun for England and America, but incredulous Versailles, in the spring of 1760, sent out a fleet of supply ships for the relief of General Levis. They found the entrance to the St. Lawrence barricaded by English vessels and took refuge in the Bay Chaleur. Here the Admiral of the English fleet, Lord Byron's father, followed them and drove them up among these waters of the Ristigouche.

Now as the eye of the pilgrim looks down the river from these little places, the point of Dalhousie in the distance over on the New Brunswick side is seen to reach out and overlap Migouasha Point on the Quebec side; the bend in the broad waters brings the two shores together, and *mirabile!* John Knox is caught in the act of kissing the Pope,—though the vision will soon pass as the viewpoint changes. The point of view is subject to change in such a matter. But while we look the river resolves itself into a lake on whose bosom this posthumous battle was fought out.

There at Battery Point the French had equipped a little redoubt and on Pointe-à-la-Garde had placed an outpost. Crowded into these waters, under such protection as the shore battery could give, they were

found by the English. In this enclosure the French had the *Bienfaisant,* the *Marchault,* the *Espérance* and the *Marquis de Marloze,* with twenty-two schooners and smaller craft. Against these Admiral Byron brought the *Fame, Dorsetshire, Achilles, Scarborough* and *Repulse.* The shore battery was soon silenced; Bourdeau, captain of the *Marchault,* was killed, and yonder little point up above still carries his name. The entire French fleet was demolished except for the salvage of its supplies. It was the last clash of arms in all this great Seven Years War—a conquest of the already conquered.

And so the ancient *régime* passed, though it still mellows the whole history of Canada; passed, I say, and yet with the changed sovereignty there are still isolated spots in the Quebec of the lower river and the Gulf which savor of the glory which was New France. They rejoiced at the Court of Versailles when Quebec fell, and many a wise man, looking into the sacrifice, read disaster for England. In these later days we see with perfect clarity the truth which has long been clear to historians, that with the victory of Wolfe upon the Plains of Abraham Martin, began the breaking of England's power in the West which was to result in the independence of her old colonies. But England in New France was generous and kindly and left to her a strong reliance in the "Quebec law" by which the treaty of Paris has conserved for her till today rights of church and state.

After the disestablishment the English were disposed to continue the French practise of granting

seigneuries, though the old practise was not thus carried far. One, the Magdalen Islands, the distant archipelago of Gaspé, which played so pretty a part in Cartier's relation of his first voyage and is today the very home, the surviving oasis, of the language which Cartier himself spoke, was given to a Loyalist member of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin;* and another, where we are now standing, to a London merchant, John Shoolbred, who undertook to develop his estate, but it has now passed on from his censitaires to others and the tenantry is quite entirely French again, though now they make *foi et hommage* to none except the English King and their own church.

We are now on the Scaumenac Bay, a broad crescent on the Ristigouche, bounded ashore by a narrow curving strip of land lying in front of the mountains. Our road is lengthwise of this strip, which is less than a mile wide and stretches the whole long, wavy coastline for a distance of nearly twenty miles. Down among its volcanic hills comes the pretty Scaumenac river out among rich pastures and prosperous-looking homes and, let the day be fine, a fairer walk than between the rolling domes of the upland and the wooded slopes to the water would be far to seek. Presently before us are the shore cliffs of Migouasha. Unfortunately perhaps, the road lies well back from the water, but it is to the water that we must detour to catch the spirit of this very unusual place.

* For some account of the Magdalen Islands and the Coffin tenure see *Heart of Gaspé.*

These rock banks at Migouasha are the "Hugh Miller Cliffs," and to see them and to knock the Devonian fishes from their rocks would have delighted the fervid soul of the great Scotsman, whose name, with the permission of the Quebec Board of Geographic Names, has been attached to them. There is no other place in the world where the Old Red Sandstone is so profusely supplied with the remains of these ancient fishes belonging to the days when these rocks were mud and sand. What a wealth of material for his picturesque portrayals this Scotch stonemason, geologist and protagonist of the Free Kirk would have found in these cliffs. And how the pages of the *Testimony of the Rocks,* the *Old Red Sandstone,* the *Footprints of the Creator* might have been embellished, the stories of the *Cruise of the Betsey, My Schools and Schoolmasters,* reënforced with the sermons that these stones could preach.

The Hugh Miller Cliffs are planted on French Catholic soil but their face looks sternly out over the river to Scotch Presbyterian New Brunswick. There one may stand on the shores where the salmon now run and from the rocks extract their odd, heavily armored ancestors which might have died of their mongrel Greek names if a merciful nature had not put them to a kinder death. Among them was the magnificent Eusthenopteron (*pardi!*), which is as fine a salmon as the "Auld Red" ever produced. Hundreds of specimens of these ancient fishes have been taken from these rocks and thousands remain for him who will search them. My hammer never touched a

rock with a more inspiriting impact than here. Fishing! At every "cast" of the weapon some fish rises, or mayhap a fern-leaf gets tangled in the tackle. And this is the sort of fish one can ship to his friends without hurry or ice; they will not spoil after their millions of years of storage. But it is not I who keep the rolls for these denizens of the Devonian waters. That office goes to Anthony Plourde, who has helped to rifle the rocks of their fishes ever since the place was discovered by the geologists of forty years ago. Anthony is a habitant farmer whose little home and steading lie back on the road and he has learned from many a distinguished geologist the fine art of collect-

Anthony of Migouasha amid His Devonian Fishes

ing these medals of creation, till his skill has developed almost into an instinct and he needs but a fragment of a fish to help him trail his victim to its lair. I doubt if Robert Dick in his bakeshop in Thurso on the Pentland Firth, or Hugh Miller himself in his

study at Portobello, gloated with such transported satisfaction and appreciation over their "Auld Red" fishes as I have seen in Anthony, exulting over a spread of specimens laid out upon the bottom and banks of the little gully that runs from his house to the shore. He knows them all by name, Eusthenopteron, Bothriolepis and Palaeoniscus, and startling sounds these names make when uttered with a Canadian French accent. The fruits of Anthony's handiwork lie in the museums of the world and in his honest, earnest fashion he has done much to give the world a truer knowledge of these strange creatures of a long-ago day.

Hugh Miller's books were my earliest guides in geology—I will not say inspiration, for some of them were pretty hard reading for a boy, but after all he made his odd fish rather attractive by his extraordinary descriptive powers and his trenchant English style. The bone-plated fishes he found in the Old Red about the Cromarty firth marched down his pages like medieval warriors full panoplied and shining in their coats of mail. The belligerent Scot who, as editor of the Edinburgh *Witness,* fought so many hard battles for the Free Kirk and in his books broke many a lance against the transmutation heresy as set forth in the *Vestiges of Creation,* is long since out of fashion and out of date, but my debt to him was a personal one. So, at his home village of Cromarty, which has since looked out upon the ships of the Grand Fleet, we helped to commemorate his hundredth birthday, I bringing some few sheaves gath-

ered from amongst my American colleagues who wished to share in his memorial. His memorials stand there now, one a majestic column overlooking the great firth and its rocky shores where many of his stories had their birth, another a rather appalling and somewhat commercialized though impressive building appropriated to civic uses, into which the fervent but rather slender contributions of some hundreds of admirers were poured and forgotten. The Hugh Miller Cliffs are a nobler memorial, more appropriate, and a truer expression of appreciation of the work the great Scotsman accomplished. And its story is not merely a fish story, like those that come down from the salmon pools of Gaspé. Down under the rocks in which the fishes are embedded lies a great mass of loosely cemented boulders, standing out in weathered banks along the shores, like the rubble breasts of some ancient fortress. Part of them are limestones from the Silurian uplands, part are sandstones of the Devonian and all are interspersed with pink and gray granites, white quartzites and other rocks from the crystalline axis of the old land now buried out under the waters of the Gulf. The rounded blocks of stone are sometimes bent, fractured and mended again; many, even of the hardest, are covered with imprints where the point of one seems to have been pressed into the actual substance of its neighbor, no matter how hard; they are scored and nicked, polished and glazed, and some show without doubt the scratches and striations which could hardly have been made in any other way than by a

movement on each other within a sheet of land ice. This whole bank beneath the Upper Devonian fish beds was washed together and arranged by flowing water before the fishes came, for the orderly arrangement of the pebbles is evidence of this; but the waters that brought them together had stolen them out of some mass of ice-scratched débris. Here is, then, the evidence of land ice over Gaspé at a time following immediately upon the great continental elevations which took place toward the close of the Middle Devonian and created the mountains of the gulf-front—time that is not otherwise recorded by the rocks because of the very fact that the land was turned up out of the reach of the sea into refrigerating altitudes. It looks as though this glaciation of the Devonian land must have been highly localized, for a corresponding condition at this time is not known from anywhere else in the northern world. The Canadian monument to the Scotch stonemason thus presents an instructive record of strange changes on this quiescent coast; of growing mountains, ice-coated lands, rushing rivers in whose mouths odd fish with forward-looking eyes disported themselves.

Odd craft of many nations still frequent these shores—not so many as in the old days, perhaps, when the fish drew a larger outside traffic. Until within a few years the great fishing establishments of the coast, to which we must again refer, were doing their business on Jersey and English capital, and they reached their foreign markets in their own bottoms. The vessels of the companies brought back from

many an old world and new world port, Lisbon and Messina, the Brazils and the Antilles, strange fancies in bijouterie, whose appearance here and there in the older houses still surprises the visitor. But these vessels did another thing that has no little disturbed and obfuscated the geologist—they came home sometimes in stone ballast, and lightened ship in these home ports by heaving overboard their foreign-born rocks. Well up on the shores of the York river in Gaspé Basin I broke open, one day, a block of limestone whose fossils astounded me. Nothing like them had ever appeared before in this eastern country. They made a good deal of trouble, but they were at last traced back to their origin, which was one of the ports of Portugal. Another day, while on the Hugh Miller Cliffs at Migouasha, the old wharfinger, out in his flat after salmon, triumphantly displayed to my distant gaze a marvelous object which had come up on his hook, a tall, big-bellied, coarse earthenware vase, with a line tied about its flaring neck and running upward into a stiff loop. Its porous unglazed ware and its simple incised decorations suggested to me at once such a "water-monkey" as one finds so common in semitropical America. It had probably hung in the fo'c'sle of some roving ship that had strayed into these waters and it had been "hove" overboard at the mouth of the Ristigouche for some good reason, perhaps because the skipper realized that in these northern latitudes no such evaporating water-cooler was necessary. How man has disordered the regular and decent behavior of the sea! If such incongruous admixtures could have occurred in the past procedures of the

ocean while it was heaping up its sediments and the skeletons of its denizens, there would be no science of geology and the history of the earth could never be deciphered.

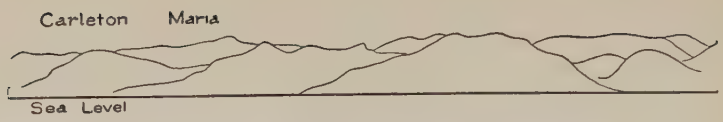
III

Romance of the Highway—Detour of the Cascapedias—The Appian Way—Carleton, Lord Dorchester—The Carleton Mountains—Alpineers—Lady Maria Carleton—How to transform English settlements into French—Roads of New England and of Quebec—Grand and Little Cascapedias—Their salmon pools and fishermen—Inspired anglers—Diversions of the railroad—Its chances and mischances.

OUR wayside is the Appian Way of Gaspé. The railroad has hurried together a little the settlements along this coastwise thoroughfare, but the romances of the Highway and their histories have often been a theme of the semi-inspired pen; ours is slender in its history perhaps, but rich in sentiment. On these Coasts of Leisure I have known old men who took a hand in the building of the first road about the great peninsula from the head of Bay Chaleur to Gaspé Basin. The old roads of interior America lie where the Indians trailed along the beaten tracks of buffalo, elk or moose and where the white man followed the red. But Gaspé was a place of coastwise interchange where chaloupes, not canoes, were the vehicle of travel and the roads were the paths of the sea; and this coast road started as a line of white men's trails through heavy woods with portages at every greater stream. Men living today helped thus to knit together the lands of the first concession, the range along the water edge. Then, later, in their season, back concessions were opened to settlement, each range with its road parallel to the coast road and each concession with its radiating lanes connecting

the concession roads together. So the highways of Gaspé hang in succession about the fringes of her wilderness like the strands of a many-looped necklace.

Now comes the long coast detour along the lower, wondrously terraced reaches of the river Nouvelle and the two Cascapedias, and where the Nouvelle opens behind Migouasha Point we leave the conventional end of the Ristigouche river and are on the real Baie-des-Chaleurs. Time is of no moment, indeed of no hour, on these Shores of Deliberation, but by its grace we are presently beneath the shadows of the puissant mountain walls which guard the hamlets of St. Omer and Carleton, where a line of lofty, flat-topped volcanic and sandstone hills form a feature in the landscape not elsewhere to be seen in Gaspé. The venerable village of Carleton is attractive in its long stretch of beaches, its agreeable promenades, its picturesque nooks and its comforts for the wayfarer. It is rather a celebrated place in summer annals, as Gaspé places go, for it seems to hold its habitués tightly to its charms. I have caught the impression that going to Carleton for the summer is not so much a vacation incident as a habit among some of the fine Quebec families; for there is a dignity and complacency of demeanor among the summer people that is appropriate to a sort of intellectual proprietorship, which rightly delights in unveiling to the acolyte the intrinsic charm of the place. Distinguished by the name of the beloved Governor-General, Lord Dorchester, the valiant and humane Carleton, who, among other things, once delivered a good trouncing to the



Forty-mile View of the Carleton Mountains

Americans on the waters of Lake Champlain, it was founded as a Loyalist settlement; but that redoubtable Englishman has now become the tutelary divinity of an almost totally French community and I am told that there is only a single resident English family in the entire parish.

The Abbé Ferland, a happy chronicler of the last midcentury, early registered a protest, often reëchoed, against the changes of names along the coast which have been imposed by the English *régime.* Carleton was Tracadegatch, Tracadegash or Tracadièche even as late as the days of Charles Robin, the first organizer of the coastwise fishing (1768), whose brother located here, and it was this Tracadegash brother who brought out from the Island of Jersey the willows which grace so many of the fishing stations of the coast in places where other trees find it hard to get a foothold. This Micmac name actually belonged first to the mountains and properly belongs to them yet, though the Carletonians call them "Shickshocks." It is with little right. The Shickshocks—the "rocky mountains," as the Micmac word implies—were called the "Notre Dame" mountains by Champlain and lie off across the peninsula toward the St. Lawrence river shore. Sir William Alexander with his Scotch patent, rechristened them the *Albany Mountains,* but the

from the Sea to the Wilderness

geographers of Quebec now say that Champlain's reverent designation must be attached to these highest summits, the Shickshocks. They are the heart, the "protaxis" of these Gaspé Appalachians, folded up into rock waves and cut into by vast injections of serpentine lavas.

But the Carleton Mountains lie in beds almost flat, remnants of a dissected mesa of red conglomerate and sandstone and the lava which has broken through them, and all together they mantle the deeply tilted Devonian and Silurian rocks beneath. They are mountains only in the sense that the Catskills of New York and the Table-à-rolante at Percé are mountains, but they are the very characteristic style of uplift into which the rocks of this geologic age have been made all through the Appalachian country. To alpineers they offer slight challenge—indeed, these Timeless Shores have none for that mysterious prowess which finds a victory in the mastery of a great mountain peak. I have never inquired deeply into the psychology of the professed climber who construes nature's upstanding peaks into a deliberate defiance of his powers, but I suspect the germ of it is of a continuous plasm with the impulse that carries the rustic swain and his bride to the top of the Woolworth tower, though certainly the better reason lies

here where the bootless ardor is reduced to ease and the reward is an impressive panorama. Labor that is penible, ambitions that have no measure in profit or pleasure,—and the summit once reached, too often only cloud-cast gelid waves of surrounding peaks,—are the costs and the award. Perhaps I am wrong, but I am quite willing to let nature's mountain tops remain unmounted unless they hold an indispensable guerdon.

And yet these lesser hilltops have their reward, the outlooks from their summits over the rolling timbered Silurian wilderness behind, the sinuous shores of the outward bay, the reaches of the Ristigouche and the low New Brunswick coasts across the widening waters—all of these are reason enough for the warmth of regard for the place which has woven itself about those whose happy chance it is to visit it.

Lady Carleton still stands close beside her husband on this shore, for Maria is the next parish and the little settlement which carries her name lies just across the "Creek of the Morning," the *Ruisseau matin*. To many a pious heart no doubt this place is consecrated to the Holy Virgin, but only so as any bearer of that name may become the mother of a god. Originally Maria was a place as English as Carleton. There were 3400 French families reported two years ago from the Province of Quebec, in which the minimum of children was twelve. Is it strange that English communities in Gaspé eventually become French, while the old French parishes stay so?

In tramping the remote roads of New England and Nova Scotia the traveler can not fail to be impressed

by a certain air of sadness on the countryside. I mean by that the seeming absence of any obvious joy of living, except as the birds and wayside flowers display it. The gray villager or farmer in his shaky Ford, or in his creaking cart driving an angular and joyless nag, is rather typical of what one has been wont to meet at every hand amongst those sedate English settlements, where a puritanic inheritance still locks the door to the palace of life. Here, along these roads of ours, life is bubbling. The vivacious boys and girls, tingling with the blood of their Breton and Norman parentage, come babbling over the roads, often driving at top pace their wiry Canadian horses. The farmsteads show some concern in you as you pass; a gray farmer does not indifferently turn his gray back upon you and disappear into the barn, but from a front door will look out at you, first one smiling, tousled face and two great, wondrous eyes, then another, then at the window one, two, three; out of the door a little procession will emerge, followed by a partly arranged but innocently curious mother. Shout *B'jour* to them as you pass, and caps will come off, if caps there be, and a little chorus of *B'jour M'sieus* will be your response, accompanied by a crop of happy smiles. And as we slow down at the little stations there waits to greet us a throng from the countryside or the adjoining village, of voluble, noisy men and boys, here and there among them a demurely smiling girl, rude in manners perhaps but courteous at heart.

By way of reminding us of our long detour about the Indians we pass a reservation of them just beyond

Maria, at the mouth of the first Cascapedia, and now a glance ahead along the coastline of the Bay and far beyond the broad debouchure of the two Cascapedias will reveal the low cliffs of the Black Capes on the distant side. An hour hence, if our train keeps moving, we may look back from these Black Capes to our present point of view and will then have traveled twenty-five miles in order to get ten miles on our way.

In this broad valley of the Grand and Little Cascapedias, the broadest in Gaspé, a wealth of untold tales lies buried, while sheaves of inspiration have been already garnered. The fertile spirits who have fished their salmon pools have laid all the world in debt to the great rivers which find their sources in the slopes of the Notre Dame. We do not much care for the fish story; it is often a rather unlovely thing wavering between heaven and earth. That there is no salmon like the Cascapedia salmon we may leave to the Ristigouche Fishing Club to decide, but it is worth all of nature's effort at the evolution of something into a salmon, all of her arduous experiments and expedients to attain a fishy ideal, to have produced by way of such a fish set in the cool, darkling pools amid the spruce-coated slopes of these rivers, creations like *Hugh Wynne* and the *Adventures of François,* like *Fisherman's Luck* and *Little Rivers.* What were these inspirations? What is it in the "stilly influences" of the pools and riffles of Gaspé that makes a man shake himself free of the artificial restraints which harness the soul? Is it that in the hurried vocations of our present living the spirit is in jail and breaks its bars only when our whole being is

permitted to give forth its ancient response to the primitive call?

If excellence in the production of salmon is rated by the annual fee paid to the Province of Quebec, the Grand Cascapedia lays claim to high merit. Among the pools on the upper waters of Gaspé, the Ristigouche, the Nouvelle, these Cascapedias, the Bonaventure, Pabos, Grand and Little rivers, the St. John, York and Dartmouth, lie splendid revenues for the Province. In the old days the fishing privilege on the Grand Cascapedia was quite usually taken by the Governor-General, and Lord Dufferin, the Marquis of Lansdowne and Lord Stanley in their terms as viceroy have angled its pools. On Governor's Point, at the mouth of the greater river, stands the beautiful manor built by Lord Stanley in his day, long since passed into the hands of one who stood not *in loco regis* before a Dominion, but who once ordered the democracy of Philadelphia. The members of the old Cascapedia Club ("grand pêcheurs devant Dieu et devant les hommes!" exclaims Béchard*) turn into the Quebec treasury a momentous annual tribute, but they do more for the Province by maintaining a small army of guardians, and even conserve their interests by paying the owners of the salmon stands on the sea front along the shores which curve into their river a substantial sum each year for not

* To which the snappy *percésien* adds: "Attention, typographe! ne met pas un accent aigu sur ce mot, à la place d'un accent circonflexe!" He is speaking of his English governors on the Cascapedia but in the Gentle Art of Killing Fish there is even so slight a difference as a pen-stroke between a fisherman and a sinner.

fishing, so that the natural course of the fish on the way from the sea into the river and out again may not be interrupted.†

It is Theocritus in his idyls, I think, who fishes for the dreams he may catch; I liken him to his successor of the Cascapedia, Weir Mitchell. When near his eightieth year, I met him one summer coming down from his pools. Greeting him with the usual "Good luck, I hope?" he replied, "Never better. My fish this year have cost me only fifty dollars a pound" —a usual reply and a rock-bottom price. The winter following this, in Washington, I asked him if he were going again to the Cascapedia. "As long as my life lasts I shall cherish the hope of catching the largest salmon ever taken from the Cascapedia." Isaac Walton at eighty-three would fish again the familiar waters of the Dove, and the leonine Christopher North, with the shaking hand of age, cast once more on his beloved Dochart, which he had fished from the days of his youth. The valiant Mitchell did go again; over him who "gained an hundred fights" along these waters no fitter words might be written than those of Dean Hole over Dr. Hammond:

† "Into Chaleur Bay flow some of the choicest salmon rivers of the Continent, including the far-famed Cascapedia which brings to the Government a rental of $12,000 a year, the Bonaventure, the fishing rights of which are let for $2,250 a year, the Grand River, well stocked with large salmon, the Grand Pabos and the Little Pabos, and, most important of all, the Ristigouche and its tributaries, said to be worth from a million to a million and a half dollars for their salmon fishing privileges alone. Individual salmon pools on the Ristigouche have been sold for as much as $30,000 each." E. T. D. Chambers in *Canada and Its Provinces,* vol. 16, p. 563.

Nihil eo excelsius erat, aut humilius,
Sibi uni non placuit,
Qui tam calamo, quam vita,
Humano generi complacuerat.

"But what does the price per pound pay for?" answered back my anglomaniac traveling companion who got on at Amqui on his way out from Lac Saumon. "Not fish alone, but commerce with the voices of the streams and the woods which sing us into forgetfulness of our pathologic life in the towns"—or words to this effect. On the Cascapedias it helps indeed to pay for adventures afield through the little explored and almost unmapped wilderness of the head-water branches, which flow out of the Notre Dame mountain sides through regions of suspected mineral wealth and traverse the rich forests of the Gaspé National Reserve, transecting towns monumented with the names of men whom Gaspé has linked to herself.

Now, gradually but with conviction, the enthusiasm of the start by rail, fed even by the graces of the Cascapedia, slips into a consciousness that the roadbed is a bit serpentine and somewhat crumpled, the car seats not easily molded to human backs whose ennobling sigmoid curve helps us to distinguish ourselves from our simian cousins. One looks out ahead over the gaunt bridge that spans the Grand Cascapedia and wonders whether it will carry him across; it may console us to know that the conductor is probably wondering too.

But one must not find fault with the bridge that has carried him safely over, nor should the traveler

fail of confidence in this picturesque railroad, grass-grown like a forest trail, to land him in some Port of Safety, if not of Desire. Learn the attractions of all the coast, be grateful if the asthmatic locomotive breaks down near a blueberry patch, and thank the rails for spreading if they leave you four-and-twenty hours at some such inviting spot as Carleton. As but one train each day each way passes over the road, a stop at all is a stop over night; may it turn out a day spent close to the salt breezes, amid balsamic odors of spruce or lumber mill, fields of daisy-spattered hay, of oats purple and gold with patches of vetch and mustard; and always amid a hospitality that will meet every want, please God you are neither captious nor finicky. With more repressed enthusiasm I recall the day our train did hit the freight ahead and knocked across the tracks a car loaded with butter in wooden cases. It was good butter but it was very much out of place after the impact. With tranquilizing concern for the public good, the train crew of two men salved the butter and then salved the passengers by crowding into the one box car remaining the badly battered packages of butter and the sadly buttered parcels of passengers—and so, standing to meet the situation, packed like capers in a bottle, leaning first on one's own foot and then on a neighbor's, conscious of a paralysis slowly crawling upward over us, we made our destination, travel-stained indeed, but not cross; weary, but not too greasy; conscious above all that we had found the only railroad in the world that butters its mischances.

IV

New Richmond—Concession roads—Presbyterians, Plymouth Brethren and raised beaches—The parson's chickens—Green herons and John de Kuyper—The Cascapedia delta—Wonderful shores of Black Cape—The great Silurians—The worth of pure science—Faraday and Melbourne—Dr. Johnson, Dr. Franklin and Job.

THE long detour of the Cascapedias robs the passing traveler of picturesque New Richmond, which lies on the broad alluvial plain made by the two rivers. Had he shaken a free foot at Maria, a great man and horse barge would have put him over the larger river and into this village, but from the road nothing of it can be seen except as one looks back over it to the Maria Capes when the end of the long curve is reached. New Richmond has an individualism which makes it attractive and one should not take a town of so many possibilities of happiness so much for granted as to pass it by. It is a Loyalist town, so full of Scotch that a Frenchman is rather like a cockle in the parritch. It is sandwiched between parishes that are absolutely French; it is canny and prosperous. Its fields are broad and in these upper reaches of the bay the season is fairly long and the crops good, while on both its great rivers are large lumber mills sawing the output of the timber limits above. The broad fan of river wash on which New Richmond rests has permitted settlement to stretch back into the wilderness very much farther than at any other place on these living beaches. Here are seven concessions and seven

concession roads running parallel to the coast. Freehold land thus runs back from the coast for ten miles, and most of it is reduced to agriculture. The opposite extreme of settlement is at Percé, where the mountains have permitted but one concession.

New Richmond is abruptly and severely Presbyterian. Sunday calls out a rigorous display of "blacks"

The Fall of the Tide, New Richmond

and exudes a theology hard as the Scotch fishes in its near-by rocks. Like many of the remoter Protestant colonies in the Maritime Provinces as well as in Maine, it produces a singular brand of free lance theologians who call themselves Plymouth Brethren. They are a noisy, odd lot of exhorters who get together in remote corners of these settlements and travel a sort of perfectionist journey, generally under the inspiration of some voluble leader.

At the waterfront of New Richmond, between

Point Duthie and the Little Cascapedia, there is a series of very interesting elevated clay banks full of buried clams and other mollusks lying thirty or forty feet above the present sea level, indeed just as they lay on the sea bottom before the coast began to rise. This is one of the very many evidences on this shore of a sharp change in the height of the land within quite recent time, for most of the mollusks in these clays are of species living in the sea today, in these or not distant waters. Wandering along under these elevated banks at the fall of the tide, I came upon a man loading kelp into a cart. Stopping to pass the time of day with him, he asked my destination, and I replied, "To the wharf yonder." "And may I hope you are on your way to your heavenly home?" he said. Startled a little by the abruptness of this inquiry, I replied rather recklessly, "Well, not this morning." "Ah, but we's all going that a-way," he said, pointing a long finger up straight overhead, "all that has done right here is going right up there, in God's good time." This statement challenged for a moment my wayfaring spirit. "Right up overhead beyond those clouds?" I ventured. "Yes, right there," he said, with complete assurance, "where our Father has his great white throne." "Now, you know," I said, "this earth of ours is supposed to be turning over every day, and tonight at ten o'clock (it was then ten in the morning) up there"—pointing to the zenith—"will be down there" —turning my finger toward the central fires. "My friend," he replied to my irreverent statement, "we Plymouth Brethren know whereof we speak, for we

have the word of the Lord," and then dismissing my idle contention he went on to tell me of his faith and of his personal history; how the "light" had suddenly dawned on him while he was a prisoner in a Minnesota jail and he was called to preach his faith with all zeal to his fellows. He had, he believed, reached a state in which he was without sin and he awaited God's own good pleasure for translation to the heavenly mansions. With a smile he turned again to his pitchfork and kelp, wished me the same good fortune that awaited him, and I went on with a feeling that such a faith, deep-set though it was in what seems to us ignorance as profound as our own knowledge may come to seem to our successors, has no exchange value.

On the Percé coast for long years the Rev. William Lyster, a graduate of Dublin University, was priest of the English parish, a man esteemed for his wide knowledge and keen interests in the works of nature. Mr. Lyster kept some Plymouth Rock chickens on his glebe and this story I have told recalls a tale that comes straight from the literary center of the coast. One of Mr. Lyster's parishioners got into something of an argument with a wayfarer over a question of right and wrong and the exchange of courtesies waxed warm till the English churchman broke out into the exclamation, "And you pretend to be a Christian, do you?" "I do," said his antagonist, "and a better one than you, mayhap." "And what kind of a Christian may you be?" returned the Episcopalian. "I'm a Plymouth Brethren, that's what I am!" was the reply. "Oh, I know what that kind is. Mr. Lyster has got an

old rooster of that denomination in his hen yard." And this anecdote leads me to say that having "come over in the *Mayflower*" myself, I suppose Mr. Lyster's Plymouth Rock chickens were just as appropriate to his English church glebe as I am to his successor's summer congregation.

The elevated banks of New Richmond are an ancient record of conditions which still prevail in the Cascapedia Bay. No water craft of any draft can make this port, for at low tide the bay becomes a great mud flat and even at high water passenger and freight boats must anchor a mile or more outside. These mud banks are punctured by innumerable clams and are patrolled by innumerable green herons whose solemn mien and forcible delivery in the conversion of the mollusks suggest that they too are Presbyterians. When the land rose here it took with it a section of these mud flats with the clams still in their burrows, and thus we find them now elevated high and dry. These raised banks stand firm and erect and their faces would seem to have undergone no change except for what the tides have torn away. Digging one day into this bank at its foot, endeavoring to take out a block of the clay with the shells in place, my hammer hit upon a bone, an interesting contingency; and so with much care I extracted what was most obviously the jaw of a departed *sus*. Amusing myself with reflections over this preadamite pig that had strayed so far from his place in history as to get himself in under these pleistocene clays, I poked a little farther into the deep hole beneath the shell

beds and presently extracted the square-shouldered remains of "John de Kuyper" himself,—data which are respectfully commended to students of prehistoric anthropology as an illustration of how a great clay bank full of the relics of a long past will move bodily over a surface having the slope of a beach, picking up as it goes all sorts of things from the landwash, including even a rejected, because empty, gin bottle.*

A world of wonder and interest lies beneath us as we move on from the Cascapedia delta past the Scotch settlement of Black Capes. The eye of the traveler may get only the impression of pleasingly fertile fields on this side; on the other the far outlines of the Carleton mountains, the smoke of the Dalhousie and Charlo mills across the Chaleur Bay on the New Brunswick shore; but down under the train, skirting the water edge, lies a full and marvelous chapter in the earth's history. Here we are traversing a rock section of the Silurian System that in extent, completeness and thickness is perhaps without equal. It is all exposed to daylight along the shore where the successive strata stand nearly vertical and without any repetition of their parts for more than a mile, which means that these Silurian rocks are far more than a mile thick. This is a tongue of the great

* As a matter of record and reference, I give the details of this shore section, from bottom up: 1. Compact, unlaminated blue clay lying on Bonaventure conglomerate (mouth of Little Cascapedia) with obvious evidences of flowage; 2. Clays, more sandy and terminating in a clearly marked shell bed with vertical clams. Elevation 12-18 feet above high water; 3. Gravel and alluvial wash from a pleistocene Cascapedia river, 20 feet.

Silurians which make up the interior of the Gaspé peninsula, and from which the waves have here torn their coverings, exposing their leaves of history written all over with the remains of the life of those ancient days and bringing to light the black volcanic masses which have cut them asunder. So while the train is passing Pritchard's Cape and Howatson's Cove, the volcanic Black Capes and on to Caplin, one may reflect that here is a land which has one great geological system and one great geological story as fully recorded as it is in countries which have become famous in science for their Silurian rocks: England, Scandinavia, Russia, Bohemia. Its mysteries and histories still remain in large part unread, but time will bring to Gaspé all this preëminence as the keeper of the Silurian rolls.

Now such a fact as this may seem to have a remote practical worth to a country or to the reader. It may be, in a large sense, new knowledge, but its novelty—of what concern is it to the affairs of human life? That question may have arisen all the way along these lines; it is the sort of query that is too often asked whenever the facts of pure science are set forth. I really presume the statement about these Silurian rocks and their part in the building of the earth will sometime turn out to be rather the most important thing in this book.

But yet it may be difficult to rouse an emotion and harder yet a sou from it; so what is the use of just so much more knowledge in the world's already large supply, so many more grains of corn in the endless

story? There are bodies of men of high erudition who would challenge, debate, contest, protest, demonstrate, for or against every proposition that might be adduced from these rocks, and yet that would be only a process of sifting out the grains of truth. Is anybody any the better for this truth? It is an old, old question. The Roman soldiers found Archimedes drawing geometrical figures on the sand and, saying to each other that such a man was a useless sort of citizen, slew him. Lord Melbourne accused Michael Faraday of wasting his time fooling with a magnet, and yet out of Faraday's discoveries have been drawn accessories of our modern life that seem indispensable: electro-dynamics, electric storage and the wonders of faradic induction. But what of Lord Melbourne? Was it not Dr. Johnson, even, who reproached Benjamin Franklin with collecting electricity in a bottle while such trifles as the wars and political fortunes of the nations were left to pass unnoticed? There seemed nothing of utility or comfort to the contemporaries of these intellectual diversions, and to justify them because they might prove of material service would be an uninspired thought indeed. Does the gannet justify its precipitate shot, the twin-flower its carillon of bells hidden by the wayside, the ocean the majesty of its storm waves breaking on the beach? Questions of such sort have angered even the gods and they were all answered once out of the whirlwind to a complaining Job.

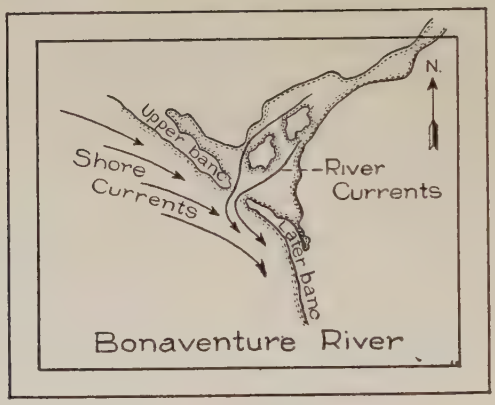
V

"Canadians"—Caplin, the sacred fish—The ideas of Telliamed—Bonaventure—Ancient aspect of the settlements—The spires and bells of the churches—Unity of faith—A Jersey home—New Carlisle—Loyalists—Early Acadian settlers—A costly railroad.

AS these Silurians disappear back under the soil, begin again the French settlements. To the English and Irish Loyalists and the Channel Islands fish merchants, these still pass as "Canadian" villages, as they do in the other Maritime Provinces. This is by way of the antique form of speaking, bringing back the old days before the Confederation. It seems odd indeed to an outsider to hear a Haligonian or a Bluenose from Truro speak of going to "Canada" when he means going to the Province of Quebec; or a Jerseyman in Gaspé refer to "those Canadians" as if they were aliens to the country.

First comes Caplin, a place-name sacred to the bait used in the fishing, for caplin is a smelt of which the cod are very fond, and in the parish name the fish is canonized, as canonically the place is St. Charles-de-Caplin. The holy smelt of Gaspé is abreast of the ἰχθυς of the early Christians as the talisman of the Church. The quaint and venturesome doctrines of old de Maillet, in the *Telliamed* (his name spelled backward), who found all manner of sea beasts abandoning their garniture of fins and tail, to live ashore in man's estate, might let us conceive our smelt, charmed by the invitation of these verdant banks, to have left

the Bay Chaleur waters, exchanging fins and tail for legs and a halo. Close follows Bonaventure with its lumber mills and beautiful salmon stream, village of Good Luck in the county of Good Luck, whatever the fisherman's luck may be; and soon a little row of sleepy hamlets passes without unwonted celerity, all the way along the line now, through Paspebiac, St.



Godefroi, Port Daniel, L'Anse-aux-Gascons, on indeed as far as the road will take us.

These villages, samples of all those in French Canada, attractive to the passer-by in their whiteness, still in many ways suggest the villages of old France. Far above every gable mounts the single great church and high above the church is the bell tower and overtopping spire that rises as high as the money of the people can send it, for it is the beacon for the countryside, the pointing index finger which imperiously demands a response to its summons. It is the conjoint

expression of unified purpose and common interest. The sky is not assaulted every here and there with the ecclesiastical bayonets of vagrant faiths, dispersing from their bells dissonant and contentious notes among the homesteadings and out into the forest aisles. The one church is the climacteric toward which all human interests in the community ascend. The sound of its C bell is a rhythm which traverses the air wherever the faith it stands for is avowed. Its note awakens a vivid picture of untold thousands in all the earth answering its summons in person and calls back to memory what that sound has stood for here on these coasts through the days since Father LeClercq came with his message. The church bell in our modern towns has become clangorous in its intrusiveness. It stands for little, often more for exasperation to strained nerves than for rhythmic invitation to peaceful thought. But here in Gaspé, where time is liquid and watches and clocks are few, the great church bell still keeps its ancient function of marking the climaxes of the hours, the beginning and the end of work. It tells the "priest's time," which is a variety quite distinct and independent of sun time, daylight saving time, railroad time, store time, to each and all of which the visitor may help himself freely, for nowhere is there more of this commodity than on these Languorous Shores.

In the time-honored beauties of living there are revelations in these French villages. Here and there amidst them are English homes which the Jersey proprietors of the cod fishing have founded, and among

these are now and again circles of sweet and elevating influences. I know them well, fortunate to have been admitted beyond their portals. Now that we have come so far, I am thinking of one such home; it lies

The Queen's Road

not far from the water, back under the protection of the great blue-green hill and hid away among the shadows of the spruce. A long frescade sheltered by rows of poplars and Jersey willows leads to it,

through white paling gates which, though closed in gentle protest against vagrant intrusion, give way hospitably to the grateful guest. Inside this house reign comfort, content and generosity unsullied by imprudence. The atmosphere is one of united concern for the welfare of every member of the household; the manner always one of deference, respect and affection, the younger for the elder; of charming and sweetly expressed regard for the comfort of the guest. In my ancient day this home was benignly dominated by a vivacious chatelaine of irresistible grace and dignity. To her two daughters, now "happily married," she stood indeed in an Horatian relation;* yet they, of exquisite manner and delicacy of speech, made graceful and helpful supporters of the demesne. There were two sons, of brusquer but no less genuine and thoughtful regard. But these together did not constitute the family, for it was an ancient clan whose scattered members of two generations assembled in summer days from all the cardinal points till the house walls gasped in the effort to accommodate them. And in upon this family circle, whether large or small, there were, as I recall, the completive intrusions at odd hours of a bachelor and uncle, which unfailingly added a new spark of joy and vivacity to the ensemble. Graceful in address, full of felicities of speech and the quips of the village, gravely masquerading a whimsical view of life and unfailingly solicitous that the guest should be *chez lui,* he and they composed a family circle serene in its gentle exclu-

* *Matre pulchra filia pulchrior.*

siveness but an unblemished product which could not have been quite the same in another atmosphere.

But we pass too quickly through these places, for no respectful traveler must ignore New Carlisle and its ancient Loyalist settlement. Indeed in this array of coastwise French villages, this *chef-lieu* of Bonaventure county keeps a venerable distinction. Not only was it the settlement of the United Empire Loyalists of 1783, but here for many years was held the high court of the Lieutenant-Governor for Gaspé. Jonathan Oldbuck (knight of pleasant memories*) says that this governorship of Gaspé was such a sinecure that few of its incumbents ever visited the country and so the position was abolished by the old House of Assembly about 1830. Governor Nicholas Cox, who had served well in the fight for Quebec, established himself here and did his best to develop this settlement for the Loyalists in whom George Third took such deep interest. So here is a row of cantons along the waterside which keep the names of those who tried hard to find soil for the Loyalists that were expected in crowds but came in pairs—Cox, Hamilton and Hope; though all their efforts came to but little, for New Carlisle alone has kept the remnants of the English settlements. Béchard, writing of Gaspésie thirty years ago, says that on Acadian lips the name of this place was *Nos Carlingues*. The "Canadians" long preceded the English on this stretch of shore and have perpetuated the heritage they drew from the exiled Acadians of the Annapolis valley who

* Sir James LeMoine.

settled on the banks of this beautiful Bonaventure river. Whether the thirty families who are said to have come here together at the start are responsible for all the French in these cantons, I do not know, but it seems likely, for Abbé Ferland says that in his day, 1836, there were "hundreds of Poiriers," and tells of Grandfather Foret who, dying, left behind three hundred and eighteen descendants. Indeed, "les Acadiens vivent tres vieux!"

Several thoughts may crowd upon the traveler as he enters New Carlisle. He should know that Governor Hamilton spent something like eighty thousand pounds to establish this place and Douglastown upon Gaspé Bay as refuges for the Loyalists; and unless he is told en route he may not realize that he is now at the terminus of the old Bay Chaleur steam railway and that his further progress continues under uninterrupted but newer auspices. From here out it may lessen the obviousness of the seat with which you have now enjoyed a half day's acquaintance to learn that you are riding over a rather costly stretch of surface railroad. The amazing roads of the Peruvian Andes, the tubes which traverse river and sea about New York, the tunnels, funnels and funiculars of the Alps, the grades of the Trans-Siberian, may have diverted you, but you have probably never before traveled over a hundred-mile stretch of straightaway cut-and-fill single track (save for one Silurian tunnel) like this road, which cost its stockholders so much that it broke the Charing Cross bank of London and put its chief genius into the thought-provoking quod.

The widows and orphans of England, with faith in the giants of finance who assured them that this road would make Gaspé Basin the point of departure for short route transatlantic commerce to English ports, even though Gaspé Bay is frozen tight across for a long winter; to these you owe your present ease.

Look about you as you leave New Carlisle if you would see the temerity of this construction. Your train crawls close along the ragged edge of a high rock wall dropping sheer to the sea, giving indeed fair pictures of the distant shore and headlands if you can resist the clutching fascination of the feeling that the least breakdown of the rocks will precipitate you into the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The Great Banc at Paspebiac with its Fishing Establishments: Charles Robin Company (C. R. C.) at the left, LeBoutillier Frères at the right; mother and daughter

VI

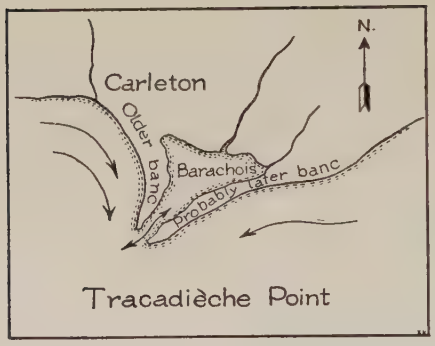
Paspebiac—Its extraordinary situation—Barachois, bar and tickle—C. R. C., an ancient syndicate—The codfisheries; their history and ancient modes—The days of Denys—Present business contrasted with the past—Prodigality of life in the sea—Paintings of the old-time craft—Ancient differences among Acadian settlers—The "Paspejacks" and their patois.

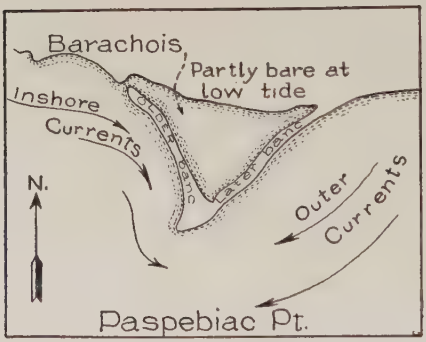
IT soothes the nerves to see soon come into view the willowy village of Paspebiac, extraordinary in situation and in history. Its interesting physiography is a characteristic one for this coast, for from one side of a broad lagoon or *barachois* extends a long, wide *banc* bent into an elbow at the middle, open to the sea only at the nearer side close to the shore by a *tickle* through which the tides enter and retreat. These broad esplanades of sand reaching out toward each other for a mile or more thus enclose a great triangle of water, in themselves a singular and effective expression of the balance between the currents which sweep the shores of the bay.*

* There are barachois all along the Gaspé coast; that is, *bancs* or bars, impounding waters behind them and crossed by the waters of a sea-gully or tickle. In lower Gaspé, as at Port Daniel, Grande-Rivière, Barachois, Douglastown (p. 120) and Gaspé Basin (p. 110), these bars are simple, and project across the mouths of large streams and lie in the general direction of the coastline. In very large measure these simple bars are obviously due to the impacts of heavy river discharge against the marine waters, except perhaps for the bar at Corner-of-the-Beach and Barachois (p. 134), beyond the Percé mountains, where it is evident the present stream could have had little effect in the creation of this great *banc,* now the seat of the former village. Here the interfering tides sweeping into the Malbay from north and south have

On the great sandbar rise the broad, spreading-roofed, brooding buildings of the ancient fishing houses of Robin and of LeBoutillier, spotless in their white faces, with red roofs and red-trimmed windows

been the effective cause for the building of the bar at the bay-head. The great *bancs* at Paspebiac and Carleton are of a different type. The arms of sand reach out into the bay to form triangular barachois, and while the *tickle* of the former is at the inner angle of the triangle, at Carleton this opening is at the outer apex. At neither of these places has the land stream played any part; indeed at Paspebiac there is no present stream nor any trace of an ancient one. The phenomena are due to interference of currents in the bay. For Carleton a shore current sets from the mouth of the Cascapedia rivers west, strikes the projecting head of St. Omer or Migouasha Point and turns east close inshore to make an interference at Carleton. The movement of the currents must be much the same at Paspebiac, though the cause of interference is not so clear, from a study of the coastline. Yet here there is an obvious difference in the age of the two *bancs;* the western, which has been the seat of the fishing station since 1766, is much the older and is covered with vegetation almost to its light-house-bearing tip, while the eastern bar is nude and wind-blown, its surface standing at a lower level than the other; it stands





and doors. The history of the Robin establishment, known on the coast for a century and a half by the mystic initials C. R. C. (Charles Robin and Company), is the history of the codfishery of Gaspé, and since its establishment in 1766 Paspebiac has been its center, habitation and source of authority. The founder, Charles Robin, a Jerseyman, established what was, after the Hudson Bay Company, the first well-syndicated business in North America directed to a single definite end. Organized in masterly fashion with a uniformity of procedure and a rigorous discipline that later extended to all its many stations scattered along the Gaspé coast and on the Quebec Labrador, the Robin establishments are notable even yet for their speckless appearance and their orderly process, and even though, with the knocks and chances of time, the corporate name has passed through many changes, the magic uncials still stand. I suppose it would be within the truth to say that of the many fishing establishments in Gaspé now, the most venerable are offshoots of the C. R. C. and have promulgated the same modes, though less rigorously, in their management. Here at Paspebiac eyes and nose are

indeed as the protector of the older bar against the attack of nor'east tides. I have remeasured the old *banc* and find that its dimensions have not changed, except at the point, from those given on the township map 40 years ago. There is still much to explain regarding the form and formation of these three-cornered primary and secondary *bancs* and barachois, but the present interpretation of them speaks strongly for a stability of the coast during recent centuries, which may be entirely local and without prejudice to local movements of the coast at other points.

first roused to the fact that the codfishery is the real business of Gaspé, an impression that from this point on will ripen into a conviction. From here northward a hundred miles of coast are given over to this industry and the fish, in all its aspects, is the subject of chiefest concern in traffic, in conversation, in morale. "So God have my soul," said King James to the agents sent out by the Puritans from Leyden to gain his consent to their plans, " 'tis an honest trade; 'twas the Apostles own calling."* So the Pilgrims came to Massachusetts to fish and to worship God after their own fashion, and the French came to Quebec to fish and still to worship as they had been wont. The men of the Golden Cod had no such field laid out for them as the Basques, the Bayonnais, the Malouins and, later, the men of La Manche on the Gaspé shores, for New England shorelines are precipitous and the Newfoundland banks, where tide against tide has heaped up the breeding places for the cod, are far away from Gloucester. On Gaspé much of the coast is fringed by the broad rock terraces which the sea has planed down from the mountains, and seldom do the fishermen of the farther coast go far from shore in search of banks or shoals. For the Bay Chaleur men of Paspebiac and Grand River there are fewer of these submarine platforms and they are wont to resort to the shoals of Shippegan and Caraquet on the New Brunswick side, but these distances are not great, and even the Percé men and their neighbors will go out no farther than that ultimate resort, the

* Winslow's *Brief Narration,* as quoted by E. T. D. Chambers.

"American bank," which lies some ten miles out and is, as I have been able to show by dredgings from the top of it, the broken down easternmost remnant of the mountain ranges.

It is not a little odd that the procedure in this business of catching and drying fish has changed only in insignificant features in the nearly four hundred years of fishing on this coast, since the days when Sagard told such tremendous stories of the wealth of the waters and Nicolas Denys entered into infinite detail regarding every feature of the business. In the early Seventeenth Century days the men from "all the coasts of Biscay" had so achieved the art of "making" fish that the passing centuries have done little to change it. The visitor should keep in mind the fact that Gaspé is the only extensive coast in America where the whole procedure except the catch is done ashore, and the catch is so close ashore that the fish are quickly dressed into the finest product of the market. So when his eye scans the beaches and splitting tables, the flakes and the packing houses, let him remember that he is seeing the sights that Denys and LeClercq saw, that passed under the eyes of Champlain and Frontenac, of d'Iberville and Jolliet. The beach may seem to him only a beach, with the boats running in upon it in haphazard way, but there is not much that goes by chance on the fishing beach, the *gràve,** for it has been carefully made up of clean pebbles from the size of one's fist or less, and no over-

* The *grève* is the beach; the *gràve* that particularly stony beach which a tempestuous sea has graciously piled up and man has carefully set in order for the better curing of the fish.

growth of weeds is permitted upon it. In all the older stations this hard, stony beach is crossed in convenient directions by a network of wooden planks leading to and from the busiest points, for the *gràve* not only spreads about the principal buildings but includes the long runs of drying flakes and reaches even to the front door of the manager's house. Denys, in 1691, laid down definite instructions for the arrangement and care of the *gràve* and it is not yet too late, in spite of modern invasions, to find beaches, as at L'Anse-à-Beaufils and L'Anse-au-Gris-fond, ordered and equipped as Denys said they should be. The chaloupes with their crews of two or three men loaded with their catch come inshore and with the help of the *pew*, or bent pick, which I think dates back at least to the days of the Portuguese in Newfoundland, toss their fish into flats, swing round to their moorings in parallel lines, while the flats ride ashore on the third wave or seventh (the mystic number), are winched in on steep beaches and the work of splitting begins.

Second only to the mass in the church above the beaches is this venerable act of faith and works—the splitting of the cod. Every detail of the table, each tool used upon it, each movement of the men about it, even the half barrels in which you will still see them standing to keep from being bespattered overmuch, are actually the unaltered survival of the centuries and the very oldest remaining institutions which the white man brought into this country. It is a procedure justified by its works and that of itself entitles it to respect. And if its sights and its odors are not such

as to compel immediate enthusiasm, let one remember that it is a sacrificial altar which has symbolized the fortunes and hopes of the coast. I have dug up cod hooks from the débris of the French custom house at Peninsula, deserted when Wolfe came to destroy the settlement in 1758, which are in all respects like those still in use. So, from particular to general, we might trace the procedure of the fishing business and find it all still grounded on the methods depicted by Denys. As soon as one has really got the Gaspé spirit, and that means as soon as, far from the coast in winter days, he craves again the odors of the beaches, he will read with interest the expositions by Denys in his *Description géographique* or Professor Ganong's annonated translation of it published by the Champlain Society, and Mr. Chambers's instructive *Historical Introduction to the Fisheries of Quebec.*

When Charles Robin came out to the coast he found the French procedure established. I presume that the Channel Islands, being at that time still rather more than half French, Robin may have found the *pêche sédentaire* of Gaspé conducted as he had learned it at home. But it was without organization and doubtless its market had been broken up by the Seven Years War. He brought it to its highest productiveness and firmly established his markets in Portugal, the Mediterranean ports, the Brazils and the Antilles, supplying them in his own bottoms, as did the establishments which branched off from the parent company.

Now that the venerable C. R. C. organization has

been forced to yield its suzerainty of Gaspé, it is only of historic interest to take note of the fierce antagonism to its procedures by French writers of the last century who believed they spoke for the pêcheurs. It is doubtless true that the rigorous discipline enforced by the wifeless Jersey managers (they had the choice either to remain unmarried or leave their wives in Jersey) brought the inhabitants to a condition so dependent on the fortunes of the Company as to create a virtual serfdom, from which a perpetual indebtedness forbade escape. It is true that the toll of the sea made generations of managers prosperous and left generations of natives poor; that the Company threw its powerful influence against any education of the people that went farther than from "the head to the tail of a cod." But imprecations against the *jersiais* have ceased and the extraordinary array of unholy vocables launched against them has now only a philological interest.

These latter years the fishing craft have multiplied all along the shore, and the fishermen are independent now compared with their former state. I suppose there have been a hundred and fifty boats each season on and about the Percé coast. But in the days of Pierre Denys there were as many as five hundred boats in the Percé fishing. The romantic oversea days of the fishing traffic have passed, and yet it is not long since the earthquake at Messina dealt a death blow to the venerable Fruing Company on the Grande-Grève by wiping out, as in the twink-

ling of an eye, two hundred thousand consumers of dried cod.

Could anyone venture to estimate the number of cod taken from these waters? It would be as hazardous a calculation, I fancy, as that I have made regarding the number of marine fossils in the Percé Rock. But they would be estimates of like values—of the affluence of the life of these waters. The sea animals buried in that little upstanding section of the Devonian sea bottom, Percé Rock, number hundreds of millions. The cod taken annually from Gaspé are, I have figured with the help of some of my friends, not less than forty millions. It might be a safe statement that as many have been taken each year for at least three centuries and that is a total of twelve thousand millions of cod. And whether really true or only a guess at the truth, this figure is enough to show why the very foundation of life in Gaspé rests with the geological forces that cut down its coasts into submarine terraces and so made a breeding place for the cod.

It is rather an odd fact that eighty years ago the Acadians of the different settlements along this coast, especially those of Bonaventure and the neighboring "Paspejacks," would have little to do with each other and had never intermarried since their establishment in the country. Ferland, who mentions this, thought it might be due to an inherited caste distinction. The Abbé made a good deal of fun of the language of the Paspejacks or the Paspéya,* and he was quite sure

* "Qui ne sont pas méchants," says Béchard, "mais têtus;

they would never be ornaments to a salon of which Chateaubriand was a member. They spoke with a break-your-head vehemence that was alarming, though they were only trying to say pleasant things, and when he heard the language of Molière twisted into such a deformity as: "Taise-toi, ou je t'enfonce un croc dans la gau," he found it only an expression of endearment from one *gasson* to his companion.

Emmanuel Brasseur was the Abbé's beau-ideal Paspejack, a man dried and sere, but of action. If he told you of the gales he had encountered in his boat he balanced himself like a mast, jumped up and down like the waves and snorted like the wind. Or if it was of some fighting exploit he would bring his lean fist, hard as a mallet, down on your head. If it was the story of how the doctor lanced his son's jaw, he stretched himself out on a board, armed with a knife, stiffened, rolled, twisted like an hurt snake, and so tried to express pain he had never suffered, and he ended his long story by telling how the *jaculot* (meaning the youngest son of the family) had for a long time no other taste than to *flairer de la douceur*, which, explains the horrified Abbé, means *manger du sirop*.

grands enfants qui deviennent bruyant et batailleurs lorsqu'ils ont du whisky à bord."

VII

Governor Hope and the Loyalists—Town of Hope—Psychosis of place-names—Delusions of Hope—Port Daniel—Its banc and barachois—Pointe-à-l'Enfer—The islets of Newport—Seigneury of Pabos—The seigneurial noblesse—Pas-beau—Chandler, a misfit town—Danger of overspecialization—Compagnie de Gaspé.

THE towns of this compact geographical unit, the Gaspé District, have wisely been inscribed with the names of those who have rendered her service. Many of them are memorial tributes to missioner, statesman, explorer, scientist or writer, but all these laureled personages have had to take their chances in having their autograph written across the surface of the earth. Perhaps he has been twice blessed whose name covers a domain still peopled only by the denizens of forest and stream, save when invaded by dreamy and philosophic Waltonians from other climes.

We have now entered upon the pleasures of Hope; they are the blessings of the intangible. Governor Hope, who concerned himself mightily for the Loyalists, never knew what a land of promise the surveyors were going to name after him when he was powerless to prevent. Here in this row of once Loyalist townships and perhaps nowhere else on our thoroughfare are the visions of hope more obviously visions and more positively couched in faith without works. One may well pass a little time on the way, doing perhaps as Bishop Mountain did on his trail over the Kempt road, reach into his pocket for his Cicero, his

Pensées de Pascal, or as our companions, the curés, are doing, read his breviary. Even the English of Governor Hope is hardly to be heard among the little villages of St. Godefroi, Shigiwake and St. Marcil. They make the sign of the cross as we pass out of the township and into sight of the great barachois at Port Daniel.

No one seems to know how this lovely embrasure of Port Daniel got its name. The learned Father Pacifique speaks of a Captain Daniel who sent his men to fish in the Baie-des-Chaleurs in 1631, but Cartier anchored in the little harbor on July 4, 1534, it being St. Martin's day, and he says, "nous trouvâmes bon appeler le lieu Saint-Martin." But more than this and much more significant to the spiritual history of the country which was to be New France, it was here on the shore at the far side of the tickle and where the wharf runs down over a buttress of red and white Silurian limestone, that Cartier read the mass. Thus Cartier's men shared with forests and the waves the first Christian ceremony in this vast land.*

The beauty of Port Daniel is extraordinary. Coming down over the high ground which one must mount to escape the sea cliffs, the road winds a tortuous way to the great *banc* lined with all the business of

* We like to accept Father Pacifique's interpretation (*Bull. Société de Géographie de Québec,* p. 139, 1922), though it really does not appear from Cartier's relation that he went ashore for this service. He says: "Et pendant le temps que nous étions en ce lieu, allâmes le lundi sixième de ce mois, apres avoir ouï la messe, avec une de nos barques pour decouvrir un cap, etc."

the place; on one side the barachois where you may see bare-legged women, skirts rolled up, wading about in the shallows when the tide is out, digging soft-shelled clams for the fishing; on the other the harbor waters and the tickle stream rushing back and forth across the sand with the flow and ebb of the tide.

One may not hope to hear in Port Daniel the soft, forgotten words of Bossuet and Fénelon, but Nature has sown it full of geological nuts yet to be cracked, and it may be of interest, in passing, to record that this place was created a seigneury in 1686 where René d'Eneau dispensed "haute, moyenne et basse justice" and made "foy et hommage au Château St. Louis de Québec."*

On leaving Port Daniel, in the old days we drove back and around the menacing limestone cliff of Pointe-à-l'Enfer, otherwise Cap-du-Diable, but now the railroad pierces its Silurian entrails, and as it emerges from its burrow it passes the ancient settlement of the men of Gascony, L'Anse-aux-Gascons,—twentieth-century d'Artagnans whose Basque idioms diversify the patois of the coast; then skims along by a chain of zoölogical links, Pointe-Maquereau, Vache-Marine, across the boundary of the two counties, into Gaspé county and out upon the cliffs which overlook Newport and its cluster of rocky islets. Let me hasten to say that though Newport is not yet the watering place of the coast, its ragged, sterile, rocky front and the countless islets of its bay give it an extraordinary picturesqueness. Its arms, wide open to the Gulf,

* As cited; p. 144.

extend an invitation which some day will be no longer so lightly passed over. Its cliffs and shores, the rough hillside slopes, covered with innumerable white boulders scattered over all the land like sheep having no shepherd—these, too, are attractive things with long stories behind them yet to be told. Were it not for the great waterfront it would all impress one as a frontier settlement on the fringe of the Northwest, and one quite naturally looks about to find the summits of the glacier which has sown the land so thick with stones. "Newport" is an uninspired name. Jersey imagination did not here even rise to the obvious, for there is no *port,* neither is there anything *new;* while the old name, Pointe-à-Genièvre, was at least filled with grace. Imagine the beloved physician at the *chef-lieu* of Gaspé county having to decide whether he was born at Newport Point or Pointe-à-Genièvre! The chief products of Newport are Silurian rocks, Dr. Simon Grenier and fish.

But the very next stop brings us back into the Louisian days and the ancient seigneury of Pabos, with its Grande-Pabos and its Petite-Pabos rivers, great fishways, themselves enough on which to base a seigneury. Seigneuries were never numerous in these lower coasts, and when Pabos was patented to René Hubert in 1696 for some merit not recorded, the government was growing cautious with such grants and insistent that conditions of domicile and betterment be carried out. The grants of the Upper River about Quebec had been productive of a seigneurial *noblesse* whose *gentilshommes* were in large part

gentlemen adventurers without substance, conspicuous for their "pride, sloth and poverty." Even the governors had denounced them as a "beggarly lot" and contrasted them to the real needs of the county, "sturdy workmen to wield the axe and to handle the hoe." We may be sure that the seigneurs of Pabos were men who knew how to wield the axe and catch the salmon of its great streams and the cod of its coasts. In the last flickering years of New France, François Lefebvre-de-Bellefeuille was Seigneur of Pabos, "et de l'Anse-aux-Canards et de Cournoyer" and royal commandant in Gaspé by appointment of the reprobate Intendant Bigot. The Seigneur must have engaged himself extensively with the fishing, as his fortunes were ruined when Wolfe came down the coast in 1758. Quite lately there has passed from life an aged descendant of the second Seigneur of Pabos, the bearer of a name of double worth—Madame de Lotbinière-Harwood, born a Lefebvre-de-Bellefeuille. After the Conquest, General Haldimand bought the patent of Pabos and held it during his governorship of Canada, then sold it to Felix O'Hara, who, with Haldimand, was one of the patron saints of Gaspé and, not long after, proprietor of the soil where the village of Gaspé now stands.

When Captain Bell helped General Murray to burn this place, under Wolfe's order, the year before "Quebec," he spelled it *Pas beau;* but *pas beau* today fits the adjoining village of Chandler, an American boom-town which has lately sprung out upon the map, like a mushroom on the forest edge, to help turn

the forest groves into wood pulp. Chandler boasts a large investment in costly mills and a Philadelphia name, but it is an intrusion that is out of tune with the spirit of the coast. But the Bay of Pabos is beautiful, its ancient and well-anchored *banc* full of possibilities for attractive homes. The *Compagnie de Gaspé,* which got possession of this seigneury more than half a century ago, proceeded so venomously to deforest it that the Government had to interfere in order to prevent its devastations. The caustic and often amusing Béchard intimates that English promoters in Gaspé would capitalize a snow mine if there were a fair promise of selling stock in it. Will-o'-the-wisp is certainly a popular fay on the coast and his little torch leads into many a feckless adventure, be it coal, oil or metals of many hues and kinds.

VIII

Seigneury of Grande-Rivière—End of the Bay Chaleur—The home of Nicolas Denys—Petite-Rivière and Cape Cove—End of the journey by rail—The highway along the gulf—Chapeau houses—The aroma of the beaches—L'Anse-à-Beaufils; its harbor and beaver lodge—Visit of the geologists—The Côte Surprise—L'Île Percée—The day's end.

ALONGSIDE St. Adelaide-de-Pabos lies another seigneury, Grande-Rivière, dating back to the same period. It too has passed from hand to hand and long ago became the property of a "Bastonnais," who held it for the salmon fishing. But before this it was the possession of Charles Robin, who cared less for the salmon of its river than he did for the cod on its shores. And today there is a great station of the old C. R. C. at this place, shining in its cleanly appointments and magisterial in its bearing, though not without its rivals in this great trade, into whose heart we have now entered.

Grande-Rivière lies on the curve where the coast swings round to full-face the Gulf—just enough around the corner to afford, with its breakwater, a retreat when the northeast gales blow up too heavy a sea. It is the north portal of the Bay Chaleur, and the next curve brings one eye to eye with the Gulf. If the day is clear the eye can sweep far enough to the south to catch the dim outlines of Shippegan and Caraquet on the point of New Brunswick, the south portal, thirty miles over the Bay. At all events, it is well, before turning one's face toward the north, to let

the gaze sweep backward and up the New Brunswick shore, for it was over there near the mouth of the Nepisiguit river that Nicolas Denys, the Lieutenant-Governor-General of all the coast from Cape Canso to Cape Gaspé, made his home, built his château and died at the end of the seventeenth century, after a long, contentious and profitless *régime*. Grande-Rivière and Petite-Rivière are painted red by the rocks which the sea has fretted into fantastic shapes, and at Little River East the shore presents a brilliant contrast of these red rocks lying in flat beds across the edges of the white vertical limestones—Carboniferous on Silurian, or the sediments of the ancient St. Lawrence Gulf on the roots of the still more ancient Gaspé mountains.

And now, almost without our knowing it, the train slips in behind the low-lying, red, cross-crowned Cape Despair; *Désespoir* and *Despera* to the early chart makers, but *d'Espoir* on later maps; Désespoir in a nor'east gale to the skipper who could not clear it, but d'Espoir if he got within its lee; and the journey by rail ends near the broad sickle of the red shore where rests in an eternal sleep the village of Cape Cove—L'Anse-du-Cap, the Cove of the Cape.

If thus you have come, the sun is setting as the train you have left moves on inland behind the impregnable Percé Mountains out into the west beyond, to make its terminus thirty miles away in the metropolis of Gaspé. Your avenue is now the ancient coast highway and it is still nine miles to Percé. If it is yet a summer's day and the sun still waits at the horizon,

the wise traveler will have his cart, the foolish one his car, in waiting, and even if somewhat jaded and begrimed by the day's labors, the fresh sea air and the soft and restful surroundings will bring back reasonable receptivity to whatever may befall the closing stage of the journey.

The road is along the shore which, in the face of the full Gulf and all the way, is dotted by the homes and byres of the farmer-fishermen. There are well-fenced fields enclosing the chapeau-roofed houses so characteristic of French Canada; here and there are outside ovens and cellars, some of them grass-covered mounds dotted with daisies, others halves of ancient whale boats, sawn in two and with thwarts kicked out, set with bow or stern in air. The pungency of the atmosphere impinges on you as the breeze from the sea brings the redintegrating odor of drying salted cod—an aroma you will escape no longer. Halfway, and the road passes the little fishing settlement of L'Anse-à-Beaufils, redolent of the *vieux temps*. Here a stream enters the sea and its wide jaws have been pressed apart to make a deeper harbor for the fishing craft, which are crowded in like Cromarty bloaters. As a passing reflection on the instability of the coast, it is worth recording that when the new bridge was put in the workmen unearthed from the excavation for the pier on the north side, a beaver lodge under eleven feet of soil and gravel. Above the lodge was an ancient turf and over the turf the water-laid pebbles of the sea, and above that the turf of today. I was present when this section was

exposed and saw how evident it was that the sea had encroached upon the beaver lodge and buried it under feet of landwash; then retreated, leaving the river again in possession, but flowing at a higher level, with the beaver lodge far below. This means, of course, that the land itself fell and rose again, for the sea must have stood long years over the site of the beaver dam while it deposited the many feet of beach pebbles upon it. This movement of the coast is the exact counterpart, and perhaps the counterbalance, of the land movement which we have already noticed and recorded at New Richmond.

From here on the flat shores and rolling road may seem unimpressive and perhaps the traveler may be saying to himself: "For what? Where is this Percé and why am I here?"

One brilliant summer day a company of geologists from all the world came down this way to visit Percé, and their long train of sleeping and dining cars brought them as far as the railroad bridge over the L'Anse-à-Beaufils stream far back in the woods. To receive them in state fitted to the place and the occasion, I stationed myself on the summit of Mt. Ste. Anne-de-Percé and from that eyrie miles away looked out upon them through my binoculars as they detrained and trailed their languorous way along this dull road, a cavalcade of eighty carriage loads. They were men who had seen the scenery and geology of the world, from every state of Europe, from India, China and Japan, from Africa, Australia and South America, and some of them wondered aloud, as they

came along, why they had come so far to see so little. Presently the observer could see the distant procession slowly climbing the long, low hill which makes the south wall of Percé and shuts it from the view of the adventurer. As the advance guard reached the summit and the panorama unfolded itself, the

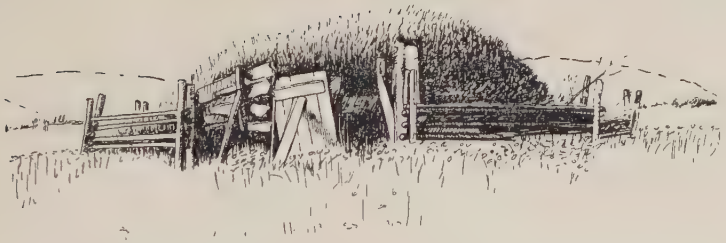
A Memory of the Shrine on Ste. Anne-de-Percé

horses were suddenly reined up in the road and men, in the distance like crickets, jumped from the carriages, a camera battery was unloosed and the view bombarded from every angle. On and on the rear battalions came and stopped, till the road was choked, and it seemed to the host, waiting on the mountain top, as though they would never get by that hill. They had reached the *Côte Surprise,* the south wall

that stands between Percé and a peeping world of railroads. All unsuspecting, perhaps even listless and unconcerned, surely hungry, the traveler turns this hilltop, stretching seaward to its light-crowned southern portal, Cap-Blanc, and of a sudden, out before him is spread the marvelous picture. Beneath lies the Bay of Percé, rounding a long, gentle curve, divided into two by the twinned promontories of Cap-au-Canon and Mont-Joli. Beyond the tip of these, and quite surrounded by the sea, rises the Pierced Rock, the ancient *Île Percée,* majestic and unique among all the rock columns of the sea. At your right the steep, ruddy face of Mt. Ste. Anne and the higher, spruce-crowned mountains; at the left, well out in the evening sea, lies Bonaventure Island, a green-backed, red-lipped whale, with its great square head toward the north; and far ahead the eye catches the ragged sea cliffs of Les Murailles, which face the Malbay at the north and show only their torn skyline and sloping backs to the observer on the Côte Surprise. In the fading sunlight all these stand bathed in rioting colors. The green of the sloping fields, mottled with yellows of tansy and dindel and perhaps of early goldenrod in the fence-ways, of mustard and silver-gilt daisy, the purple of the vetch, the magenta of the fireweed and the white of the immortelles, make a setting for the white and red homes of the village lying snug along the floor of this mountain-walled stadium. The face of the great arched Rock is of orange and red intermingled, and the cliff of Ste. Anne is ruby red in the eye of the western sun, while along the shore

at your feet runs a streak of hyacinth against which azure waves are breaking into white-crowned surges. The cliffs of Joli and Canon lie purple in the low shadows, while the distant Pic d'Aurore, the sentinel of the morning, is now the peak of the sunset, as its ensanguined tip catches the horizontal light. It is all as if the setting sun were casting a broken spectrum of colors afield with unsparing hand.

Now from the distant church, wavering through the peace of the evening, comes the chiming of the Angelus—and your day is done. May this be your welcome to Percé!



The St. Lawrence Pathway

IX

Cartier in the rain—The Eastern Gate—The oldest of rivers—Its historic panorama—Matane and the remoter parishes—Riverin's white whale fishery—The seigneuries—The archaic mode of life—The origin of the river—Logan's line—Getting ashore—Lower parishes—The jaws of Cap-des-Rosiers—Portrait of Cartier—The Forillon—La vieille—Le Canada, August 1914—Gaspé Bay—De Roquemont's fleet destroyed, 1629—Avaugour in 1663—Talon's visit, 1672—Wolfe's arrival in 1758—Edward VII aground on the bar—The great fleet, October 1914—The Bay of Destinies—Gaspé Basin—Penouil—Reliques of the "vieux temps"—Early settlements.

THE same kindly Providence which prevents us from choosing our parents or the place of our birth may impose some other mode of approach to Percé for the important first impression. Though the stage is always set, the lights are not always turned on, or if they are, they may be wrongly placed.

Not every day does the sun shine over this spot. The heavens have a whimsical way of letting their fog clouds down over it and blotting it out, so that for a while its angles and its colors are lost; the gales may even threaten to blow it out; but once there, it matters little whether the place bathes itself in rain or fog or sunshine; for each is bound to come and each will pass. The images of all are essential to a perfect harmony.

It was the fortune of Cartier, the first of all tourists to arrive, to find the place enveloped in fog and

rain. You may have Cartier's luck. Cartier was a sentimental skipper when the sun was shining, but he was prosy and glum enough when he stood on this romantic spot. The Captain had burst out into explosions of Bretonnant rhetoric over the things he had encountered out in the Gulf. The Isle Brion, treeless among the Magdalen Islands today, catches good fish, raises good mutton and supports two or three families; but of its charms as they seemed to his sea-whetted imagination, he painted a paradisiacal picture; it was a garden of roses! it was a vineyard! the very Delectable Isle itself! But for Percé on a rainy night he had no printable vocabulary.

Notwithstanding the attractions of the way we have taken through previous chapters there is, after all, no route in America quite so haloed by the glamours of the past, so laureled by historic association, as the other pathway to Percé from Quebec down "our great river" of Canada. Opened by Cartier in 1535, on his second journey, from that day it became the gateway into New France, as it is now the gateway from out the burning heat of the melting pot into the calm retreats of old Nouvelle France.

There is no slight touch of the dramatic in the fact that the lower St. Lawrence, oldest of rivers, is the first of all our greater North American streams whose waters parted under the keel of the white man's craft. Not till ten years after Cartier passed as far as Hochelaga on his way to "China," did De Soto glimpse the Mississippi, nor for twenty was Sir Wal-

ter Raleigh to enter the birth-lists. Three-quarters of a century were to pass before the *Half-Moon* split the Hudson, and another decade yet to bring the *Mayflower* to its anchorage. And of all the world what river can display such panoramas pregnant with history as have paraded its waters from the approaches of Cartier and Champlain, its advances and retreats along the record of assaults on old Quebec, to the last solemn, stern processions outward laden with the heart's blood of the Dominion willingly to be poured upon the altar of the Empire?

So the dusty adventurer of today may well try to divest himself of his modernity and slip into harmony with the old *régime* as he puts down this historic waterway. The French boats which make the trip will help him to do this and give him a better setting for the route, and more satisfying glimpses of the mode of life among the fishing hamlets of the shores.

In the days when the steamer service down this river was attractive (may they soon return!), there was never-ending charm among the coastwise settlements as viewed from a convenient anchorage. Still the spirit of the place is ashore. The life of the lower coast still reeks with the strong flavor of the old days, far more so, indeed, than along the more sophisticated Bay Chaleur; and the *Rivières-à-l'ail* and *échalote* are souvenirs of this aroma. But this land route is without help from modern contrivances. One may go by rail from St. Flavie to Matane, find his way thence by roads that are picturesque indeed, but rugged, sparsely dotted with cottages not always in-

viting for an overnight or even for a meal, but after all, quite possible to one who will seek out the best of the fishing merchants and throw himself on the full-armed hospitality of the coast. From the line at the west which divides Matane county from Gaspé county it is a hundred and thirty miles at least to Cape Gaspé at the end of the Forillon. The railroads leading through the hinterland or about the shores are still dreams, visualized only yet as *chemins projetés* on colonization maps, and it is difficult to see what strategic or industrial functions should ever bring them into being. Some of these remoter parishes of the coast are still to me untrodden and Matane has been largely an echo from out of the old days when the Sieur Riverin struggled so industriously with the help of King and Intendant to establish the first sedentary fishery here just when the Sieur Denys on his Seigneury of Percé was fighting hopelessly; both to come to the same hapless end. There comes at times to my desk a vivacious young woman, abounding in the love of all the out of doors, American in her paternal inheritance, but endued with a graceful louisian cognomen, who draws her maternal lineage from this Riverin who believed, in 1688, that he could make a fortune at Matane fishing white whales and cod, and found, in 1690, that the odds and the English were against him. So a part of the injury which the English governors of New York put upon the Gaspé coast at Matane has been returned by golden fruit from Matane to New York.

The parishes Cap-Chat and Tourelle, Christie and

Duchesnay, Mont-Louis and Taschereau, lie in a coastwise ring about the flanks of the Shickshock Mountains; one will look with longing eyes upon the picturesque embrasures of Ste. Anne-des-Monts, of Mont-Louis and Cap-de-la-Madeleine. Of the old seigneuries and parishes lying to the east, I have elsewhere written. They border the shores where the great river grows broadest and its waterline bends downward closer and closer toward the Île Percée, till it ends in the long index finger of the Forillon.

In the *Heart of Gaspé* some of the chapters have run through these lower settlements and a more intimate writer* has painted seductive pictures of Ste. Anne-des-Monts. Mont-Louis, whose religious establishment was burned by General Wolfe's order in 1758, now makes "faith and homage" to an American seigneur. At least the salmon streams do. The pictures throughout this coast are all of a quaint, archaic mode, centering about the one quickening influence, the fishing; but here even this is more crude and less in accord with the historic neatness of procedure than in the southerly, more accessible settlements. Only the seeker of the out-of-the-way or the scientific adventurer among the rocks or the plants, the occasional angler (if personally conducted), will be found along the single concession road, the streams that cross it or the hills which it struggles to surmount. There are romances all the way, some with but a faint historic flavor, perhaps only such an aroma as

* *Saint Anne of the Mountains,* by Effie Bignell (Gorham Press, 1912).

the great cavalcade of events upon the river may have left in passing; some feeble record of the seigneuries and some of the modest domesticity of the really simple life; but there are more tales buried in the waters whose measures will never be sung, of storms and stress, of shipwreck and castaway against the jaded promontories which project their black heads all along, as one range after another ends in the sea, till at last the tall candle of the Cap-des-Rosiers light flashes its lookout notice to the man on the bridge that the St. Lawrence River has ended and the Gulf begun.

However unlikely it may be that the traveler will take this route, it is just as inversely certain that he can not know the ancient genius of Gaspé without doing so, for in the shadows of the black shale cliffs of this "south shore" is the unadulterated and unsophisticated life of the coast, much as it must have been two hundred years ago all along the course we have followed.

Geography has made life hard along these combs of mountains, but it has kept it sweet and simple. This is, I suppose, one way of explaining it all, perhaps the way that "geographic control" would choose to put it. And it would surely seem that if in three hundred years the river there has found no other destiny, it is likely to find none. A railroad, the human bond that so often laughs at such control, if here to traverse unspeakable grades and puncture protruding mountains, would accomplish nothing to change

the habitudes of the coast—starting from nowhere and ending nowhere.

While there are simple stories on the south shore side of the great river and tragic ones beneath its waters, there are more wondrous tales yet to be unraveled from these dark rock mountains of the doings of life in the sea in the far-distant ages of Cambrian and Ordovician time; tales whose threads lie deep, only to be woven some day into a brilliant tapestry of life and color. On this coast the geologist has not yet had his day. A few desultory hammer blows upon the cliffs and up the streams, a few weeks of hasty surveying by the geological map makers, a few observations through field glasses, made from a steamer's deck; these are all thus far. And yet, here in these unstudied mountains, lie the unrevealed data for addenda to more than one great chapter of earth memories, records which may well require every text-book of geology to be revised. This corner of the earth stands ready to repair the conclusions of geological science and many hundreds of like area lie scattered elsewhere over the world. There are "Text-books," "Principles," "Elements," "Manuals," "Philosophies" of Geology; copyrighted guides to aspiring feet! Their merit lies in the present, but fuller knowledge only in the incessant blows of the inspired hammer—too seldom heard among these hills. Will Ottawa not understand that the chorus of hammers on these cliffs may beat out a rhythm more significant to humanity than their incessant tattoo upon a hundred veins of ore?

The St. Lawrence waters here cover, we think, the great break in the earth's crust known as "Logan's line," because inferred by Sir William Logan, the organizer of the Geological Survey of Canada, whose monument stands at Percé. Though human eye has never seen this "Logan's line," it is not a creation of imagination, a convention, as the lines which encircle the planet like a catcher's mask on the face of the earth. It is the path of the great breakdown of the rock strata, where now the river flows because the crushed and weakened rocks outlined a course for the continental waters. From the beginnings of this ancient land, the St. Lawrence waters have hidden this early wound in the rocks. A shrinking earth, a crushing of the less resistant rocks of the south, northward against the irresistible Labrador, made both the river and the mountains of this south shore; not indeed the mountains as we now see them, but the older folds whose ancient heights are indicated by the slopes of the rocks which the observer can not fail to note in the cliffs themselves.

All this ancient coast is still so unequipped that nowhere can the river craft tie up to the shore. The last wharf is at Grande-Vallée, and from there on the steamers still stand off in the deeper waters to make a landing and tranship passengers and freight by lighters; these lighters being the historic fishing chaloupes of larger size, generally but not always cleaned up to meet the demands of capricious people who have grown so fastidious as to object to codheads swimming around loose in the bilge. It is thus

the passenger gets ashore by day or night, as the case may be, in fair weather or in foul. He may feel that he is taking a dreadful chance with life and limb as he slips out at midnight through a dark hole in the hold of the ship, onto a gangway swinging back and forth with the plunging of the vessel, into a fishing boat dancing up and down on the backs of the galloping white horses, but strong hands, supported by well-balanced legs, guide him and bestow him safely on the thwarts where the waves may spit at him; these hands and legs are backed by hearts and heads fearless of the sea, to whom the waves are only the scowls or smiles of an intimate friend; men like John Bichard, of L'Anse-aux-Sauvages, who feel safer afloat than ashore. The traveler is pretty sure to land in security and without other experience than a proper baptism for his entry. I have heard more of the old habitant songs in the boats along this south shore, among the men going out in tenders to the steamers, or even among the scattered fishing crews one passes off shore, than in any other part of Gaspé—this, too, an echo of the *vieux temps*. Marius Barbeau has been gathering up the folk stories of this coast into a most interesting sheaf. They are tales which are ofttimes echoes from France, made over to fit the Gaspé shores and passed along from generation to generation; and the old songs, too, have been put together in a pretty *poésie* by Loraine Wyman.

Coming down the river road along the broad waters from Fox River (Rivière-aux-renards) and Griffon Cove (L'Anse-au-Gris-fond) by Jersey Cove and

Louise Cove, pretty indentations where the fishing beaches are busy enough, the shore road ends at Cap-des-Rosiers, and this cape is to the skipper the end of the St. Lawrence River; but from there runs on the marvelously slender finger of land to Cape Gaspé and Shiphead—the Forillon, the *finistère,* a most remarkable stretch—and I have before this let the ink flow freely in trying to depict it. I like to try, even

Drying Racks for the Herring Nets, L'Anse Louise

though quite conscious of falling short of the reality; for here is a range of mountains split lengthwise by the waves, their split-open heart standing over the northern waters, their south-sloping flanks descending by the natural angle of the rock beds to the waters of Gaspé Bay. It is Canada's great index finger pointing to the southeast toward the isles of Percée and the lost lands of the great Gulf; only a guidepost as big as a half range of mountains split along its back like a cod, is adequate to such function. If one

would see the snarling teeth that have cut these mountains in half he needs but to stand on the cliffs of Rosiers as the wave-battalions come pounding in from across the vast river mouth under the drive of a nor'-easter, and no one knows the stories of the lost craft whose bones have been broken on these angry reefs. The low, black shale cliffs of Cap-des-Rosiers have now the finest lighthouse in Canada, but gruesome tales are told of false and luring lights ashore which, before its day, sometimes snared the bestead skippers into the wrecker's toils. There are very tangible evidences all along of the feast of the waves and the rejected fragments of their gargantuan appetites. Beneath the cliffs and along the bayside at the little stations are here and there cannon of old French or English patterns which have been hauled up from fathoms of water, and it was from one of the old houses in the ancient hamlet of Rosiers Cove that the venerable medallion portrait of Jacques Cartier came—a romantic souvenir out of a dim, uncertain past, whose story has been told before.* This interesting relique is the stern shield of some square-ended craft that went ashore on the rocks of Rosiers, the "Cartier Cliffs," as they should be called. No tradition of this ship survives here and no record has been found among the marine archives of St. Malo which might identify it. This medallion made, I am assured by those who ought to know, of Canadian white pine, was uncovered some years ago in pulling down the oldest house in the settlement, where it had been bat-

* *Révue Canadienne,* Jan., 1910; *France-Amérique,* 1910; *Proc. N. Y. State Hist. Association,* 1910; *Heart of Gaspé,* p. 159.

tened in between the outer and inner skins of a closed-up window hole. The deep and finely cut portrait, twenty inches across, is that of a black-bearded Malouin skipper with tufted bonnet and loose surtout, and the reverse of the shield bears the deeply weathered cut-in date, 1704, and the initials *J. C.* The fine figure was, I think with others, doubtless intended to represent the face of the Discoverer and, if so, whether or not it is a truthful picture, it is the oldest known attempt at one.

Strange indeed that this portrait, which so long antedates the oft-reproduced picture of Cartier in the Hotel-de-Ville of St. Malo, should have been found barely fifteen miles away from the spot where the great skipper made his historic landing in Gaspé Bay and set up the lilies of his sovereign of France.

The name Forillon attached to this finger of land must come back to stay on the map of Canada—it has been too long obscured and forgotten. It is venerable; Champlain and Lescarbot used it and it would not seem from Champlain's use of it (1603) that he invented it. We do not know how it came; it may be some derivative of the word *forer,* to drill, as has often been suggested; and by the *drill* have been meant the rock peninsula itself fifteen miles long on the Bay side and a quarter mile across four miles from its tip; or, the drill-shaped rock columns then standing at the end of the cape, worn free by the sea, *La vieille* and *Le vieillard,* now gone, but common enough on all rocky coasts exposed to turbulent seas. Over in Newfoundland, in Avalon, is a place called Ferry-

land, which was referred to by an English skipper, Captain Whitbourne, as early as 1619,* or Foriland, quite obviously an English conception of *Forillon,* another spot on the coast where rock towers stood. But the English have beaten out of all semblance to sense the place-names of old Quebec. The list is a long one, with a wreckage as ridiculous as regrettable. Avalon has its Ferryland firmly set in English soil. Let Gaspé keep her Forillon free from bastardy.

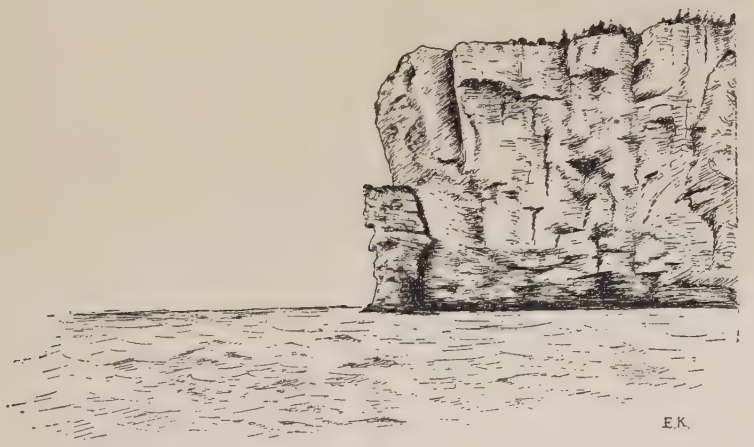
The rock tower at the end of the Forillon, the Old Woman, *La vieille,* was only a fisherman's fancy, a sport of the waves. It was a new face that stood out graven on these cliffs in August, 1914, stern-featured and beautiful, high above the reach of the bruiting waves, its gaze set out to the east over the broad gulf waters. When the memorable October days came, all the fleet of the great first overseas contingent lined up beneath the eyes of this new genius of Gaspé, as they assembled in the Bay. A far-flung thought conceived this fine chiseled and majestic face at the portal, standing guard by the historic gateway, into Canada sending after her fleet of sons the charge to duty—all too well fulfilled.

How often these broken flanks of mountains which make the Forillon have gazed upon momentous events parading the waters of Gaspé Bay. In between them De Roquement scurried with his supply ships intended for the starving tenants of Quebec when the fleets of Kirke were snatching New France from the hand of Champlain (1629), and here they were found,

* Kirke, *First English Conquest of Canada.*

captured and sunk. To this day there are stories of these sunken vessels lying at the bottom of the upper waters of the Bay, buried in the mud and slime of three hundred years, but said yet to be known to the fishermen who have now and again fouled a rusted anchor or some other piece of ship's gear in no great depth of water.

It was from Gaspé that Avaugour, the short-lived



"Canada," Shiphead, the Outpost of Quebec, October, 1914

Onontio of New France, on his way homeward, sent his memorial to Colbert, in which he declared the St. Lawrence the entrance to "what may be made the greatest State in the world." The puzzled opposition of the venerable Laval, the riotous orgies in Quebec over free-flowing brandy, followed by the divine displeasure evinced in the earthquake of 1663, compassed the collapse of Avaugour's government. But time is long; it may be yet.

Colonel Wolfe came in 1758 with his mysterious "cargo of houses," which he spread out on the beach at Grande-Grève while he went on to destroy the settlement at Penouil, his reluctant task though it was, to clear the way to Quebec and to his own immortal death. Of this expedition, what is found in Gaspé and what is left behind in the sands of Peninsula, I have written elsewhere.*

It was on the sand bar of Gaspé Bay, too, that the young Prince of Wales, afterward to be Edward VII, had his first contact with the soil of the American world, an appropriate welcome to this coast, for his ship ran aground of a blustering night. So Gaspé Bay in the history of Canada has been the Bay of Greater Destinies. Its shores are the original New France. On them was first planted the Christian cross in all this great new domain. While the bearded Malouins of Cartier's crew cut and stripped the spruce logs and spiked them together into the sacred symbol, half-naked Gaspesians gazed in wonder from bark canoes and the thickets of spruce upon these strange doings. All were indeed unconscious spectators of the tremendous significance of this act. And yet today, nearly four hundred years since Cartier the Discoverer, took over this country in the name of the Lord and of his King, no monument stands to mark the place of this tremendous event. In all this great Christian country of Canada, proud of the romances and traditions of its old *régime* and resting its history upon this station of the cross, none has

* See p. 113; also *Heart of Gaspé,* p. 142.

raised here a memorial of this momentous act. Crossing the bar to reach Gaspé Harbor, one may at least make the sign of the cross in his heart. A movement which has recently been inaugurated with the general support of the societies of Canada interested in the commemoration of glowing events in her history, would set apart and consecrate to the memory of the Discoverer a new or remodeled lighthouse on this Cape of Gaspé, Shiphead, whose promontory must have been Cartier's menacing first landfall as he beat north from Percé under heavy gales, from which he took refuge in the Bay. There is still no certainty of the spot where Cartier went ashore and set up his emblems of sovereignty. Common opinion, based on tradition and estimate of the chances, has long placed it at the great sand bar of Sandy Beach which stretches out from the south, nearly strangling the Bay and its upper end; but a closer student of Cartier's log and his record of wind and storm, Father Pacifique, inclines to think that this landing was actually upon the shores at the opening of the Gaspé Basin. In fact, the reverend scholar would have the landing spot at York beach near the old Fruing fish station, right under the present railroad terminus. It is certainly no less important to the Province of Quebec to know the precise spot where the Discoverer of Canada consummated the premier act, than it is to the Yankees to know and worship the Plymouth Rock whereon the foundation of their State was laid.*

* The peppery Béchard, who was school inspector in Gaspé in 1857, says that he visited a school on the Bay shore between the Basin and Cap-aux-os, a settlement eight miles away, basely

When the eye of the voyageur, looking out along the scythe of cliffs which make the Forillon, has reached the upstanding prow of Shiphead or Cape Gaspé, it will be an idle and unsentimental body that does not follow the eye, and surmounting this promontory, joy in the unparalleled sensation of standing on the easternmost point of the Appalachian mountain system. All else is sea. However far the mountains may have run out into that domain now ruled by the waters, here is their present stand, still hopelessly defiant. Such dignity, such defiance, such helplessness as this should awake fires of reverent memory for the greater past of this coast.

From the Cape inland along the Bay are the Guernsey shores. The men of Jersey must have told their brother fishermen of Guernsey about the great promise of the Gaspé coast, for it was not till after the Jerseymen were well established and the great Robin Company was in the full tide of its prosperity that the Guernseymen came out; and when they came it was to find all the good fishing beaches on the greater coast already taken over by their island neighbors. So they went to the steep, sloping cliffs of the slender Forillon peninsula where the sea on the Bay side had cut a long row of diminutive, crescent-shaped coves into the rock walls and lined their bottoms with *gràves* or beaches of smooth, coarse peb-

known now as Cape Ozo, and asked the children to tell him the name of the discoverer of Canada, at which they shouted in concert, "James Carter"! "Et cela," explodes the inspector, "à l'endroit même où le navigateur malouin plantait une croix, il y à trois siècles passés!"

The old Fruing Grève at the Grande-Grève. A part of the Guernsey Colony on the Hill

bles. "Goes," these little endroits are called in the north of Scotland; places where the waves have pounded out the ends of great prisms of rock.

To this remote gnomon of land came William Simon, the first of the Guernsey families, some time in the 1790's, and established himself well down the peninsula where there had been a settlement of Micmac Indians, a spot known amongst the French fishermen as L'Anse-aux-Sauvages. From St. Peterport soon came others, whose names still garnish the coast —Roberts, Gaveys, Bichards, Lehuquets, Lenfestys, Esnoufs and Le Masuriers, and, as they came, they founded their homes high on the sloping hillsides above the rock-walled goes, while the little beaches beneath gave them just room enough to carry forward their business of the fishing. Life is never quite what it was before, once one has seen this finger mountain range. On the way from the Cape you will travel the well-rutted, grass-grown road, below which, under the eaves of the hill, the Guernseymen had lodged themselves almost like swallows, in locations of unsurpassed beauty. Toward the far end of the road a broad terrace has been cut into the steep hill slope and its surface is like a great park greened over by the growing crops, an aërial platform on these mountain flanks. Far below the road it lies, and far above the sea. Out to the verge of this grassy platform, where it is cut off by a little burn, lies the depression which makes Indian Cove, L'Anse-aux-Sauvages, the seat of the Simons. The settlement founded by William Simon spread itself early. Per-

haps there is no older English family in Gaspé than the Simons of Indian Cove, still there, whose ancestors lie in the little burying ground near the church which looks out over the Bay, the predecessor of which is believed to have been the first Protestant church erected in all Gaspé. The Guernseymen, who, like the other islanders of La Manche, the *Sleeve* of water that ensheaths the arm which keeps France and England asunder, were rovers of the sea and fishermen at large, came here to ply their apostolic trade on the little crescent beaches lying between the great saw-teeth of the rock cliffs.

Across the bridge from an ancient windmill and up the slope a little way back from the road and hanging close to the edge of the veloured cliff, was the home plot of the Bichard family. There still stood the cellar walls of the first of the Bichard houses, a young man's home, built for his bride soon after he had brought her out from St. Peterport; so many years ago now that his son is a man of seventy. It served well in its day, but it had to come down when that son took a bride for himself from the Grande-Grève farther up the Bay and for her built a new home only a few yards away, but still nearer to the cliff edge. Such independent, versatile artisans, these Guernseymen! Their homes were not shacks, shanties, lean-tos or wickiups, but well-carpentered, double or triple-skinned, clapboarded and shingled houses with many windows and well-paneled doors. John Bichard drove every nail and dowel, fastened every board, made every window sash and paneled door; in other

words, he built his house with his own hands and took vast pride it in. Bichard was not a housesmith but a fisherman; but the old-time fisherman of this coast was prepared for every emergency, put his faith

Land-and-seascape on the Forillon

in the sea and his neighbors, lived without doctors and died well-ripened without drugs.

It was here I strode in. One of the windows of my room looked out upon a gallery and then across miles of the blue-green Gaspé Bay to the gray hills of Chien-Blanc, which faded into red as they narrowed inward to L'Anse-Brillant and outward to Pointe-St.-Peter at the south portal, while in the far background above them rose the purple, distant mountain top of Ste. Anne-de-Percé. The other window gave a panorama up the Bay toward the Basin, framed on

one side by the roof-like slope of the long peninsula where the hills of our side came down evenly to the water edge, save for the little reëntrant goes, past L'Anse-St.-George and the Grande-Grève to where the Little Gaspé protrudes its gray, spruce-crowned headland. At the tip of the view were the smoke clouds, hanging over the lumber mills on the great sand bar that chokes the entrance to the Basin of Gaspé harbor in which the hotels and homes of this metropolis are tucked away out of sight of approaching visitors. To these high galleries over the sea there come moments, as the evening glow is settling out of the west over the golden waters, when it is difficult not to picture the parades of sea-craft whose prows have split this historic bay; Cartier's *Petite Hermine,* the ships of Champlain and Frontenac, of Talon and Iberville, of Marquette and LaVerendrye, of all the long roster of governors, intendants and missioners; the fleets of Phipps and Kirke, of Wolfe, and, on that October 1, in 1914, the great fleet of Canada with its first contingent for the world struggle against the seed of Pyrrha. To crawl out of bed at two in the morning, while the stars are blazing, to stagger down to the crescent beach in the dark with a smoky "Paul Revere" lantern, a half loaf and a bottle of water, to get the heavy flat afloat, then, after ten hours of fishing, ten, fifteen or twenty miles away, of constant pulling up, forever pulling up, for cod are like logs on the end of the line, to return to the beach, split and dress the day's catch, "back" it up the ladders to the drying flakes, perhaps three or

"Geo. and Mary of Jersey, J. B. Podester, Master,"
at her chains in the Bay of Naples

four quintal—all this before "breakfast," and with the herring nets to be set or the squid to be jigged for before bed-time—this is a day's work. An eight-hour day! But this is a day that brings happiness and content in an atmosphere of good will and fidelity and it has one grand compensation—the fisherman doesn't

L'ancien régime at Grande-Grève

fish if he doesn't want to. And so it brings Nature's independence of spirit.

The Grande-Grève is the great beach, great only for this shore; a half-moon of sand whereon a great fishing business grew up early under the activities of the Janvrins, the Fruings and the Hymans. The residence of the managers of the Jersey firms, the Janvrins and the Fruings, probably the oldest of the better homes on this lower coast of Gaspé, still staggers in its decrepitude and abandonment, and though it

has grown old, its romantic associations have retreated into a pleasing background. Memory challenges the days when the harvest of the sea went out to all the historic ports of the Mediterranean and the Brazils in the Company's own craft, the days when the skippers in the fullness of their pride in their ships were wont to have them painted in gouache by Neapolitan artists. Above me now as I write hangs such a picture, framed in old Honduras mahogany, of the *Janvrin of Jersey, 1845,* riding at anchor, full sail and full flag, in the calm roads of Naples, Vesuvius belching steam in the background, Mediterranean blue in the sky overhead and in the rippling sea beneath. Pride spoke aloud when the shipmaster, not content with riding at anchor in the blue bay, would have the artist also paint him scudding close-hauled through the fog and storm of the north Atlantic. They are extremely beautiful and technically accurate pictures and hold today the brilliancy of their colors, their aegean blues of sea and sky. Seldom were they done in oil, though the C. R. C. establishment at Paspebiac has a gallery of its vessels executed thus. In amongst the homes of the descendants from these early shipmasters one sees here and there these beautiful Mediterranean pictures. Most of those that have come to my notice have been of tops'l-schooners, brigs, brigantines and hermaphrodite brigs, that sailed from Jersey into Gaspé Bay and out; the *John LeBoutillier of Gaspé, Geo. and Mary, Aurora* and *Janvrin,* of Jersey, the last sailing from its stations at the Grande-Grève and Bonaventure

"Geo. and Mary of Jersey, J. B. Podester, Master," scudding the Atlantic

Island. They were the days when returning captains brought home the curiously wrought products of foreign ports and there are still today to be found among the old families of this coast bizarre potteries brought out an age ago from the country fairs of Portugal. Here and at Bonaventure Island, off Percé, the Janvrins carried on their business, far away from the inquisitive ports of Europe, and if they indulged their opportunities for testing their letters of marque and reprisal, there were few questions to be answered.

But we are passing and must leave this all behind, for out of the evening of the *vieux temps* rises Gaspé Basin—Gaspé *par excellence*. Lying entrenched behind the bars of the two great rivers, York and Dartmouth, and bordering a secure and beautiful harbor, it has long been the capital of the coast, the seat of generous hospitality and refinement and the comfortable summer home of those who choose the Gaspé air tamed of its asperities. Since the day of Wolfe, Gaspé Basin has been quite wholly English. If it lacks something of the old flavor along its board walks and in the homes that aline themselves along its hillside, there is a rich and mellow atmosphere of English tradition which gives it an individuality. To the passer the inducement to stay is strong, and to many a visitor its hospitality is irresistible.

But with this Gaspé Bay under our eyes we must stop a moment for a word to explicate its extraordinary origin.

Gaspé, Chez Lui

X

The ancient and modern topography—Rias Coast—Stability of the North Atlantic—The Basin—Gaspé as it was—The Penouil —Reliques of the old régime*—Wolfe's attack on the settlement —Encampment on the Grande-Grève—Destruction of the Penouil, Mont-Louis, Pabos, Grande-Rivière and Miramichi— Commander Wakeham—A daughter of Arnold's Bluff—The Nor'west—The Sou'west—The Manhattan Elevated and Atlantic terminal—Loyalists of Douglastown—Point St. Peter— Sentinel Islands—Malbay—Barachois and the Seigneury— Percé Cliffs from Corner-of-the-Beach—Percé itself.*

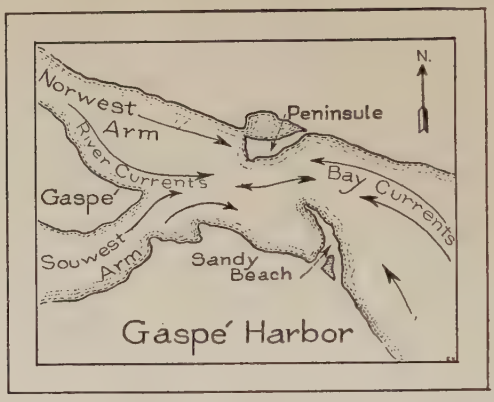
THERE are very few places in this world where the ancient topography of a country which it acquired in the very making has been unaltered with time and is still retained in the present configuration; but this is the case on these broken gulf shores. In late Devonian times Gaspé was crumpled into low mountain ranges whose ends projected into the sea. We call the Gaspé shore a *rias* coast, one in which the sea has found its way into the original intermontane valleys and still remains there. Gaspé Bay lies in the original trough, the syncline or the intermontane of the Devonian mountains, and its hill slopes are the crests of those ancient rock folds, the anticlines. Its waters run sixteen miles into the land and at its head the Bay is divided, into it flowing the York and Dartmouth rivers, which nearly follow the lines of these ancient rock troughs. The St. John river, coming out at Douglastown on the south side of the Bay, seems

"Aurora of Jersey, 1849," in the Bay of Naples

to have its course, too, guided by another of these ancient rock valleys. On the Gulf south of Gaspé Bay is the broad indentation of the Malbay and its incoming river is again the mark of a low rock trough. The ragged and bold front of Percé, which makes the south boundary of the Malbay, is a mass of close rock folds pinched together and divided by a little stream where the folds broke down in a fault of dislocation. Passing from the minor into the major lineaments of this Maritime coast, the whole outline of Nova Scotia and its bounding waters are likewise dependent upon the ancient course of the rock folds; and all this harmony of geography speaks strongly of the stability of the coast during its later history. There was a swamping of these old lands in days when the Devonian mountains were still new and reached far out into the Gulf, and swamped they have remained ever since through the ages, though the spread of the flood was lessened in their later elevation to their present place. All along are evidences of local counterbalancing warpings—the teetering of the land, down here and up there, but they are hardly to be reckoned as important modifications of the long-time stability of this North Atlantic coast.

Let us now return to Gaspé, its broad waters on the York River or Sou'west Arm, and at the north the Nor'west Arm or Dartmouth River; it is the germinal spot of the English history of the coast. Its retreat from the open sea helps to lift the fog veil and fend off the harsh winds; here gardens bloom, the apple and the plum mature, even the Indian corn,

dwarfed but sweet, ripens,* and a far-famed hostelry spreads its comfortable embrace.† With the spruce-



green hills sloping close down to its homes and water-sides, its port dotted with the craft of many seas, it

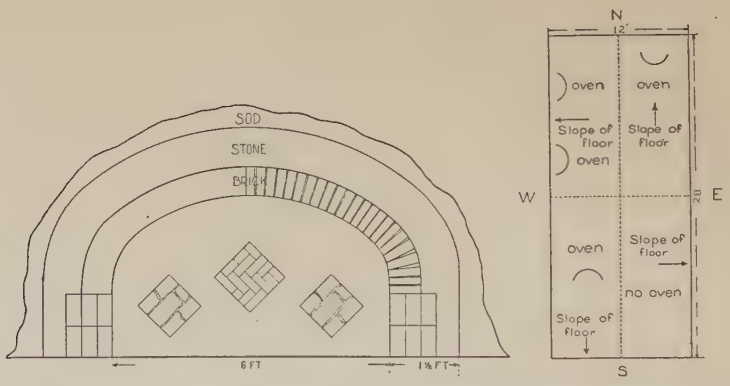
* The Gaspé corn, or maize, which grows only in protected spots, attains a height of about three feet, blossoms quickly and produces ears about three inches long, of very sweet kernels. I have no authentic knowledge of its origin but the impression prevails that it is a derivative of stock cultivated by the aborigines, but which may have naturally come from farther west and have degenerated by adaptation. My experiments in raising this corn in my own latitude resulted in plants six to eight inches in height, which quickly ripened ears about the size of one's thumb joint, carrying a few scattered kernels. Thus the Gaspé corn seems to be quite thoroughly adjusted to Gaspé conditions. Another experiment with corn in Gaspé is worth recording. Some kernels of the great Cuzco corn from the high slopes of the Peruvian Andes were planted in various exposed places at Gaspé, Percé, and L'Anse-au-Beaufils. The plants grew enormously, reaching heights of ten to eighteen feet, with vast stocks like a man's arm, but they never matured. Some of the same corn planted in my own latitude also failed to mature but grew even higher.

† So far-famed indeed that a letter addressed to "Baker's Hotel, Province of Quebec," would find its way. It is an institu-

was, when I knew it first in its purer air, a place of languorous vision, flourishing in active industries and fat on prospects of greater wealth, in oil, coal, in silver, in kerosene shales, in the dreams of a mighty seaport which would cut short the transatlantic thoroughfare and of a colossal railroad terminal to serve it. Some of these remain and some have passed away, though leaving at least one monument in the mansion on the bluff across the Basin, Fort Ramsay, where English guns long stood guard and English money housed the captains of the petroleum "industry." But aside from the attractive homes of those that come and go and those that stay, and the warm embrace of "Baker's," Gaspé has other and older traces of serious endeavor. Across the Nor'west Arm on the great bar of Peninsula, the ancient Penouil, are the buried remains of the French "custom house," or residence of the Intendant, with the little cluster of the settlement which Wolfe found and destroyed in his adventure of 1758. Silent witnesses of a more dramatic age, there still lie in the sand, inviting the search of whomever will, reliques of the old *régime,* coins of various Louis, official lead seals, flint-locks with quantities of white flints brought out from the chalk cliffs of France, Dutch and Flemish pipes,

tion of the coast almost historic now; the delightful summer home of delightfully informal people. Little by little as the demand has grown, its benignant proprietor has added to it a bay window here, an oriel there, wings as required, until it has acquired an architecture which can only be described as "Gaspesian." Into its large embrace has recently come the beautiful home of that Magister of the Gaspé coast, the late Commander William Wakeham.

brilliant-set shoe buckles which adorned the feet of some cavalier, and all the débris left by hurried exit and by the fires which followed. Mr. Frederick Richmond, whose intelligent enthusiasm has uncovered many of the reliques obtained here and which are now deposited in the collections of the Château de Rame-



The French ovens excavated at Peninsula, elevation restored, and a part of the baking floor as uncovered by F. J. Richmond

zay, has recently laid bare the floor of the great community oven or bake-shop, its bricks set in mosaic patterns and its ovens, four in number, placed about three sides, two on the long side and one at each end, the other long side opening on the mixing floor.*

Peninsula was the *Péninsule* of the French, the *Penouil* of the Basques, sometimes the *Penisle*. One

* Mr. and Miss Richmond have prepared an account of this discovery, which it is hoped will be printed in the Bulletin of the Antiquarian Society of Montreal where the other accounts of this settlement have been recorded. They have permitted me to use two of their sketches here.

of the series of fine engravings made from sketches drawn by Capt. Hervey Smyth, Wolfe's aide-de-camp, in 1758, has left us a conception of the location of the Intendant's house and the settlers' huts around it. Quite recently an account of this expedition from the journal of Capt. Thomas Bell, the Colonel's (not yet a General) most trusted aide, has come to light and by the courtesy of Mr. Richmond, I have had the opportunity of consulting it. It gives many details of this historic raid on the coast which have not been recorded in Wolfe's reports and letters; and as the story fits into our mood and the scenery it may well be appended here. The entire fleet which had sailed out of Louisbourg Harbor August 29, arrived in Gaspé Bay September 4 and anchored at the Grande-Grève, ten miles below the settlement. It was a notable array: Six ships of the line, *Royal William,* Sir Charles Hardy's flagship (and which was to be General Wolfe's funeral ship back to England a year thence); *Bedford,* Captain Fowkes; *Vanguard,* Captain Scranton; *Devonshire,* Captain Gordon; *Lancaster,* Captain Mann; *Pembroke,* Captain Simcoe; the frigates *Juno* and *Kennington;* six transports with Amherst's, Anstruther's and Bragg's regiments aboard, some fireships and an advance sloop armed with howitzers and six-pounders. The anchor cables were out by two o'clock and Colonel Wolfe went up the bay at once to reconnoitre the settlement, sending Captain Bell forward with a flag of truce to the Intendant, M. Revolte, "the Lord of the Seigneury," as he is called in that journal. Revolte had recently

died and most of the settlers, learning of the approach of the ships, had fled to the woods, leaving their possessions behind. Wolfe found a few of the settlers, among them "one Pierre Arbour," who may have been the ancestor of the bearers of that name in Gaspé, and the Intendant's Commissary, all of whom he sent out to round up those who had run away. "The next morning," the journal says, "we went up again with Cols. Murray and Howe, and found about 3000 quintal of fish in stacks. In the magazines were great numbers of nets, hooks, fishing-lines, some barrels of gunpowder, some brandy and pork. There were also a few cattle, sheep, ducks and fowl belonging to Revolte. Amherst's Light Infantry landed and took possession of this settlement consisting of Revolte's house, a good magazine, a smith's shop with its utensils, about 5 huts, the fish, 25 chaloupes, 6 canoes and a large sloop going to Quebec." As the settlers who had run away showed no sign of returning, the next morning, the 6th, Colonel Wolfe, with Captain Bell went up the "hither" arm, the Dartmouth, after them. There they found a good many, Madame Revolte among them, and all were made to promise to come down to "Penisle" (Penouil). Next morning, Wolfe, in this preliminary recasting of New France, ran his boats as far as he could up the "thither" arm, the York. There he found a few men, was entrapped in a morass and on the way back set fire to a sawmill "just bye, where we found a vast number of planks . . . and 3 houses which blazed very handsomely to the no small grief of the poor

people." This ancestral sawmill has left its descendant "just bye," to the no small grief of visitors to these historic scenes. On the days following, Colonel Wolfe rounded up all the settlers of the "Penisle" except six, "it being so very dark," set fire to all the buildings and then returned to the camp on the beach at Grande-Grève, leaving the settlers behind houseless and ruined.

According to the account by Captain Bell, there were more settlers on and about the Peninsula then than there are today. "There were 300 inhabitants here when the war broke out, who, finding from Capt. Spy of the *Jonquex* visiting them, they would one day be carried off and their settlement destroyed, quitted it," before the arrival of Wolfe.

All this done, Colonel Murray was dispatched on the 12th with a part of Bragg's regiment to burn the settlement at the mouth of the Miramichi on the New Brunswick side below the Bay Chaleur, a spot, says Professor Ganong, still recorded in present geography by the village of Burnt Church. Next day Captain Irving in the *Kennington,* convoying several small parties in chaloupes, went to destroy the settlements at "Pas Beau" and Grand River, and on the fourteenth Major Dalling was detailed for the destruction of Mont-Louis, around the Gaspé capes and far up the river shore. And in camp on the beach at Grande-Grève remained the rest of the troops till these raiding parties returned from their work of "spreading the terror of His Majesty's arms" among the settlements. All sailed hence for Louis-

bourg on the twenty-seventh, where they joined Admiral Boscawen on the 30th of September. So, for three weeks, the picturesque little fishing beach of Grande-Grève and its hillside slopes were a second Gabarus Bay, the second stand of British troops in New France in the conquest of Quebec.

Nearer to the water edge of this Péninsule are the traces of the later stone-made ovens where the whale blubber was tried down in the days, now more than a half century back, when Gaspé was a whaling port of importance. There are many stories afloat in the Gaspé air of buried Frenchmen, of sunken ships in the bay, of venerable bits of the old things found here and there through the settlement, all pointing to the still unwritten history of the coast.

On my first visit to the Gaspé country (and that was many years ago) my companion of Yale, Charles Schuchert, and I carried a letter of introduction to Dr. William Wakeham, long the federal inspector of marine fisheries on the whole gulf coast and for still longer a medical practitioner in Gaspé. He was "Commander" Wakeham, skipper of the official cruiser, first the *Canadienne* and afterward the *Princess,* the best-known personage in all Gaspé and all its surrounding coasts, of the Quebec Labrador, Prince Edward Island and the islands of the Gulf. To his admirable training in human anatomy, physiology and pathology was added an extraordinary and probably unique acquaintance with every phase of the fisheries, not only its proper business but the science of it, the biology and economy of the fishes.

Gaspé Harbor. On the beach across the channel (York) below the white spot on the cliff is, in the opinion of Father Pacifique, the probable landing place of Cartier, 1534

He was a man of science of high merit. Bluff, handsome, weather-beaten by a thousand gales, a cordial and gracious host, an autocratic executive and magistrate, he knew the coast, its natural and its human history, as no one else could, but his modesty and reserve, his disposition to see little in his work but the execution of commonplace duty, kept his hand from a not too willing pen and deprived his country of what should have been the record of a meritorious, scientific and not unromantic service. A few summers ago the *Princess* dropped anchor in the south bay at Percé, and he came ashore in his gig, and while his sailors were in the village for supplies, we sat together on the bottom of an upturned whale boat while I inveigled him into some of his reminiscences and begged him once more to "write his book"; for the book that was in him could not be written by another. "I should not know where to begin or end," he replied. He found the end indeed before the beginning, for only a few months passed and his unwritten story was closed.

Close to me in my American city there lives a sweet-faced gentlewoman who was born eighty years ago in the gray stone house on Arnold's Bluff, the headland of the Basin, the daughter of the builder and of the Church. Edith Arnold's father was the first English missionary stationed in Gaspé Basin and his parish was a vast one, extending from across the Nor'west Arm, at the north, southward to the Barachois of Malbay; that is, entirely across the peninsula between Gaspé Bay and Malbay. On a snowshoe

journey among his distant stations he encountered exposure which ended his life and ended, too, his daughter's life in Gaspé, which, after her girlhood, she was never to see again. Thus Gaspé came to Albany, as once long ago Albany went to Gaspé when Sir William Alexander named the Shickshocks, the "Albany mountains." Arnold's Bluff and all the countryside of the lower Basin lie in the limits of the original patent to Felix O'Hara, the first English proprietor, who lies buried under the willows in a little family plot not far back from the bluff.

The voyageur may be tempted to go afield at Gaspé, for the two rivers which join their waters here are gateways into the timbered wilderness. Up the Dartmouth or Nor'west Arm, there lie, on one side, the great mills of L'Anse-aux-Cousins, on the other the farmsteadings of Rosebridge, dwindling away into the bush, and far beyond, by trail and canoe, the banks of the Ladysteps brook and the serpentine hills. Along the Sou'west Arm, or the York River, is the trail of the salmon fisherman to his pools, and far in lie the scenes of that long-lived disaster to all who played with it during its forty years, the petroleum fever whose visions and whose ravages have been told elsewhere.*

Gaspé is the metropolis of the coast, but it will always be a metropolis in quotation marks. It was an odd sight and an odder sensation for the outsider when the first locomotive came in over the new railroad a few years ago, tooting an unfamiliar sound in

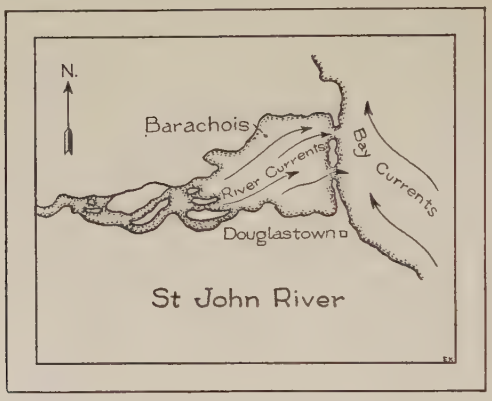
* *Sketches of Gaspé*, p. 41.

piping steam through the spruce forests of York—a little machine which had once served as engine on the Manhattan Elevated, dragging its loads of humanity high through the air among crowded tenements of stewing thousands in New York. Indispensable now to the industry and business of the coast, the railroad is accepted as a friendly aid to comfort, with more grace than the stertorous automobile.

Old Mr. Mahan has told me that he could recall the excitement of the countryside when the first four-wheeled vehicle drove along the King's road, and I have already told of knowing men who helped to build this very highway. In such a way, the hands of the clock have ticked off the Gaspé hours.

If we must leave behind us the board walks of Gaspé, its hillside homes, its buried memories of French intendants and English patentees, of royal visitants and the ghost ships of passing fleets, let us not ally ourselves needlessly with the modern conveniences of travel; the way lies along the coast road, through Sandy Beach, across the tickle of the St. John river, in whose upper reaches descendants of Sir William Phipps of Massachusetts Bay and Sir George Carteret of New Jersey still fish the salmon; through the half-born village of Douglastown, laid out in checkerboard streets by Governor Cox for the benefit of the American Loyalists who never came; an illustration of arrested development which time has failed to make good. Thence the King's road leads atop of the red and gray cliffs of Seal Cove, L'Anse-Brillant and Chien-Blanc out at length to the very

end of Pointe-St. Peter, giving all along inviting views across the bay of the spots that have been left behind; Wolfe's camp at Grande-Grève, the old port of St. George's Cove and the Little Guernsey at L'Anse-aux-Sauvages. At St. Peter one finds still a picturesque and antique fishing station, its stores much bedecked, in my day, with figureheads from castaway ships. The Point has its island—a sentinel



island, such as the sea usually carves at the end of a promontory. It lies so low and flat that the first French charts called it *Plateau,* so, quite naturally, Admiral Bayfield and his successors among the English map makers made it *Plato,* and I fancy Plato is as much *chez soi* on this coast as *Cicero* and *Homer* are in Central New York. Some of the English maps of earlier date translated this name into *Flat* and then transcribed it *Hat.* So it is an island of many names, as full of holes as the sea-bored rocks which make it. But its little lighthouse shines out a smiling message, sparkling to its side-light across the bay on Shiphead,

"Look out! I'm Plateau, Plato, Flat, Hat Island; many aliases but no alibis." Then, turning this point, the Île Percée stands out in her extraordinary lines, the ragged sea cliffs of the north ending in the Pierced Rock, reaching out full length and reënforced at sea by the low lines of Bonaventure Island—all fifteen miles away and all destined to subtend an ever growing angle and an ever varying one as the approach continues.

The casual visitor will hardly reach St. Peter. Only one who is inflamed with ardor for the coast in all its phases may venture to leave the road so far behind, but to such a one nature holds in reserve a special privilege, for no such coastal cyclorama exists on the American Atlantic as the arc which unfolds itself right and left to St. Peter's apical and apostolic eye; from Shiphead Cape and the reaches of Gaspé Bay at the north, into the Malbay and the poecilitic rock walls of the south which reach to Percé and its majestic islands.

And it is this southern view that is the traveler's companion as he traverses upward the shores of the Malbay, through the dreary settlement of that name, a Golgotha of joy, and to Barachois with its upriver reaches among rock-bound salmon pools caught between the rocks which have been called the "Jaws of the Cliffs," its miles-long *banc,* its difficult tickle and its interesting history; for here at the head of the Malbay was the habitation of the Seigneur of Percé in the days of Nicolas Denys, and the stream is the historic "Little River of Gaspay." The story of the

Seigneury is for another chapter and the journey passes on over the tickle, along several miles of heavy sand bank, broad and stationary now, no longer overwhelmed by the tides, but the site of mills and homes. This anchored thoroughfare of sand spreads out at the farther end into the broad fields and obvious comfort of Corner-of-the-Beach, where the protection

Les Trois Sœurs

afforded by the endroit of the waters and the impending mountains has made the land more fertile, helped vastly in the "making" of fish, and the fishermen of "The Corner" have an enviable repute for the quality of their product and a reasonable pride in their open hospitality. The panorama we have had beneath our eyes on all this way is most extraordinary. In Percé itself and from all its heights one sees only the green flanks of these ragged mountain roots before him rising higher, peak after peak, from Cap Barré and the Trois Soeurs to their climax in the Pic d'Aurore. Here on the seaward face the very vitals of the moun-

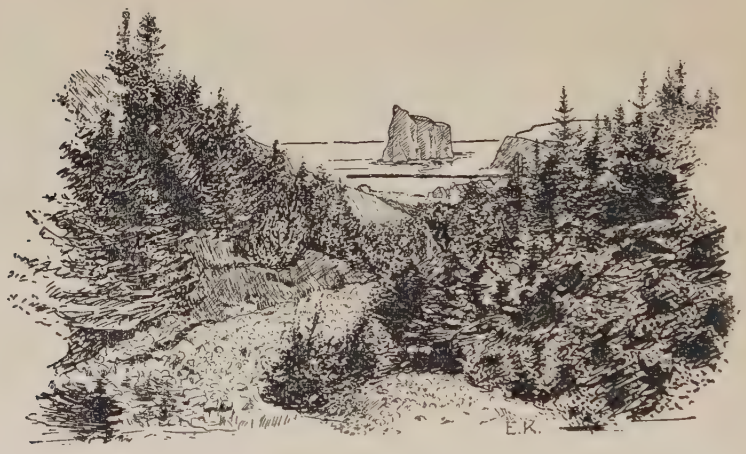
tains are opened and ensanguined from the wound the rasp of the sea has made. The colors of these cliffs are riotous in reds and yellows and blue-greens all the way from "The Corner" to the edge of the Percé beaches and one can pass the whole way beneath them at low tide, though only with some difficulty. In the dawn of the sun the Pic stands like a needle tipped with the blood of Ste. Anne,* while the rocks beneath it stretching along the bay are stained with the wine of the morning.

It is Nature's palette, and her colors are the colors of steel. The same iron whose concentrated energy under the hand of man has blotted out so many millions of humanity to make room for other human ideals—this iron in Nature's hand has painted all this blend of color in sheer abandon to the gentler and truer phases of living. The beauty and brilliancy of these cliffs—the Murailles—are but just the beginning of their story. Their structure and their geological history are even more brilliant; these we may let pass to another page, but there are few spots where one looks so far into the heart of the Appalachian Mountains.

From Corner-of-the-Beach the mountains lie across our path and as these mountains are unlike any others in the world they, too, must have their own pages. They are the climacteric of the whole journey, with accompaniments of beauty and sublimity difficult to express and comparable with nothing else.

* The blood-red rocks which make the very apex of the Pic are the same as those of which ruddy Mt. Ste. Anne is built; hence this sanguinary expression.

First, the gently rising gradient to where the road forks. Thence on, by sharp ascent along the sea road, on the mountain side the towering and sheer bluffs of Ladycliff, on the other, sentinel peaks with vistas of the sea caught in between, and the rolling summits receding to the wilderness behind, afford an exclamatory impressiveness of scene which strikes its peak



at the wild road beneath the majestic red bastions of the Grande-Coupe; thence it rises to the summit and unveils the surging coastline, with Percé village nestling modestly and quietly in its heart among her daisied fields. At the left are the green flanks of the "Pic," the Trois Soeurs and Cap Barré; at the right, the deep gash of the *coulée* running beneath the long, steep slope upward to the ruddy face of Mt. Ste. Anne, and on straight ahead the projecting angles of the shore cliffs, Mont-Joli and the lesser promontory

of Cap-au-Canon, while the Percé Rock stands foreshortened, head-on, showing here at best advantage its singular zigzagged outline and its grass-grown top. Over across the Channel, three miles in the water, the low slopes of Bonaventure Island stretch out full length, again like a great green whale, while in the nearer distance rise the spires and gothic arches of the beauteous Cathedral, built from the very rocks over which we are passing, a fitting adjustment of human hopes to Nature's incomparable workmanship.

The Days of the Seigneury

XI

Stern episodes of settlement—Cartier's arrival in rough weather, 1534—Cap-de-Prato—L'Île Percée a signal spot—Champlain; Pontgravé; The Jesuits, Lejeune, Richard, Lyonne—Increasing numbers of fishermen—The great fishing fleet of the 1600's—Nicolas Denys's domain—Talon; his activities and vision—Stops in Gaspé and opens the first mine in Canada—Aids the fishery—Grants Seigneury of Percé to Pierre Denys, 1672—Its extent and its fortunes—The habitation at "Little River"—Failure of the fishery and lapse of the Seigneury—Recollets at Percé, 1673—Guesnin, Dethunes—The arrival of LeClercq, 1675—The building of the churches—The beautiful character of Frère Didace—Site of the Percé church—The discovery of a foul deed—A Sunday scene at Percé in 1680—Destruction of "St. Peter's" and "St. Claire's" by New York privateers—Ruin of the Seigneury building by Sir William Phipps—Monseignat laments to Madame de Maintenon the end of Percé.

THE picturesque episodes of early days on this coast must be imagined rather than told. They were stern times and lived by sturdy men, for it was the shore of a rough sea, the end of a rough journey, to reach which crews from distant France traveled weeks and months, in peril of the gales, in peril of the enemy, in peril of pirates and, crowded in their frail cockle shells, in greatest peril of disease. Yet the harvest was great and inviting. From the days of the Discovery stories had gone abroad throughout the home country of the affluence of the fishing on the new coasts and many that before had sought fortune at Plaisance, went on farther across the "quadrate gulf."

Between the coming of Cartier and the epoch of Nicolas Denys, a century less one year had passed, a century of which we know but little here. Putting aside traditions of Icelander, Norse and Portuguese, which have blown in upon this coast out of a misty past, no white man's eye had beheld the coasts of Percé until Cartier came on his voyage of 1534. He had looped his way across the gulf waters, dropping place-names on the Magdalens which still abide, feeling his course along Isle St. Jean (Prince Edward Island), and then entered the Baie-des-Chaleurs. To him the bay was undeniably what he said it was, what it still can be on a July day—a bay of the *heat.* As he took the Gulf again, a rough blow and a heavy rain followed the hot wave and so he brought his battered craft to, under the lee of the Percé Rock, and anchored.

In the rain and fog the black-bearded Malouin peered out shoreward from the poop of his ship, to see only the shadowy outlines of the nearer cliffs, while the mountains were lost in the mist veil; and this may explain why he put the place down on his chart as *Cap-de-Prato,* an odd name, not French, but one which, Father Pacifique tells me, is a Portuguese or Spanish form of the word *pré—Cap-de-pré,* Cape of the Meadow. There are no meadows visible among the cliffs of Percé on a rainy night a few arpents from the shore. What had Cartier seen? The uncertain rolling outlines of the table mountain? It was a misjoint name; happily no board of geographic names has felt it necessary to revive it.

The sea ran high and the skipper could not keep his anchorage, so out he put into the swilling channel waters near Bonaventure Island, where the white horses plunge madly in a nor'east gale; quickly saw his error and hurried his vessels back near their first mooring behind the Rock—I suppose out near where the old side-wheelers of stolid and fragrant memory, the *Miramichi* and the *Admiral,* used to anchor in the days before we built that $60,000 wharf now torn asunder by the storms. There he hung for another day, and then, taking a chance with a lull in the tempest, bore away down the coast; but the devil in the gale had gone away only to bring back with him other devils who drove the skipper into Gaspé Bay and kept him there a week. And there he fulfilled his romantic destiny, the taking over of an empire, an act which no pen could put in a setting more picturesque than has his own.*

Among the coasts from Normandy to Biscay, the great rock with its double arches soon made the Percée a marked spot which the sailor could hardly miss, and the long one hundred years after the Discovery, which seem to us so almost empty of record, quickly became years of great activity, though contemporary writings make little of their doings and then only in passing. They tell the salient things, the things that seemed important, the visits of Champlain and Pontgravé, the early coming of the Jesuits in 1625 and their occasional visitations after, Father

* Often quoted; but see for convenience, *Heart of Gaspé,* pp. 110-115.

Lejeune early, Fathers Richard and Lyonne as late as 1661. These Jesuit missions were to the fishermen, not to the Indians, and in these years the fishermen came and went in ever increasing numbers. Crowding out of a score of home ports with the first signs of spring, the growing fleet made for the signal rock and its shoals, and there was life enough on the Percé beaches during the summer days. A little later Pierre Denys, the seigneur in succession to Nicolas, tells of five hundred French boats about this summer station, while his uncle, the indomitable but hapless Nicolas, speaks of twelve hundred vessels out from France for these and Newfoundland ports as early as 1650. The last few years have given Gaspé some of the most productive fishing in half a century and yet at its best there can hardly be as many boats engaged as in those French days.

Of the old fishing fleet all went back in July or August and some returned again for the October and November catch, hurrying home again amid wintry seas to be in time for the Lenten market. All went back, none yet stayed to brave the winter ashore and start the *pêche sédentaire* so earnestly hoped for by Louis. Sometimes when they went the men buried their gear and their flats in the woods and coulées till the spring return, though often the returning spring failed to bring the owners back. One may yet find traces of these things in some covered, forgotten nook.

Nicolas Denys did nothing to develop his Gaspé possessions over whose destinies Mazarin had set him. His domain ran from the mouth of the St. Lawrence

river to Cape Canso and covered all the gulf coasts; his career was a restless and contentious one. One after another he established his habitations from the coasts of Acadia to the shores of the Nepisiguit, on the far side of Chaleur Bay. If he ever came to his Gaspé at all we have no sure record of it. When the greatest genius Louis ever sent to his western domain, Talon, was wrestling with his gigantic dream of an empire from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi and was hoping, even, that his sovereign would share enough of his own splendid vision to buy the Hudson river from the Dutch and thus command the triple entrance to the continent and create an *empire trifluvien,* then began the history of settlement on these shores. And what a vision, what a possibility that was! Champlain in his early days on the coasts of Acadia and New England knew of the Hudson and would have entered it long years before Henry Hudson had not his companion, Poutrincourt, objected. If his by right of discovery or purchase, the St. Lawrence already his, the Mississippi rapidly becoming so unopposed, what an empire indeed might have been Louis's!

The great earthquakes of 1663-1665, which shook the St. Lawrence shores from end to end with a violence never since known in America, were curiously enough followed by a fresh impulse to New France. It was as though new forces had taken possession of the country and with such a prelude the curtain rose on Talon's administration. He came in 1665 and his activities were of every sort and reached everywhere.

Whatever could be done to demonstrate the natural wealth of the country should be, and the coasts of Gaspé, the portals of the domain, were not to be ignored. While on his way to Quebec he had stopped at Little Gaspé and broken off a piece of rock from the "silver mines" on the Forillon which had been found long before by the Micmacs, who told great stories of them to the missioners and fishermen. Talon at once got out a company of miners from France, headed by an expert Dutch engineer, sent them down to Gaspé in charge of Capt. Pierre Doublet, with a priest, Father Bailloquet, to console them, perhaps, for what was quite sure to be the outcome of the venture.* Thus he opened the first mine in all Canada, though it never was nor ever can be anything but a *prospect.* Then he stretched a helping hand to the fisheries whose worth the King himself had insisted on. Nicolas Denys had failed so badly in the Gaspé fishery that the tenure of this land was taken from him, and thereupon his nephew, Pierre Denys-de-la-Ronde, asked the Intendant to establish him as Seigneur of Percé, a request that was granted by Talon in 1672 and confirmed by his successor, Duchesneau, in 1676. In the still unpublished documents of the great Clairambault collection in the *Bibliothèque Nationale,* are all the glimpses that we have of the story of this seigneury of Percé, and with them, of the first organized attempt to effect a settlement and *pêche fixe* at this spot.†

* Rather a happy arrangement. It might be well to provide a chaplain for the stockholders in all Gaspé mining projects.

† I owe to Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, the eminent conservation-

The new Seigneur was not able to finance this undertaking alone, so he joined hands with Charles Bazire and Charles Aubert-de-la-Chesnaye, both successful merchants of Quebec, Bazire having been an agent of the Company of the West Indies whose charter had just been summarily revoked by the King. It does not appear that either of the men was intimately concerned in the business of the seigneury, or was ever on the coast. Pierre Denys's seigneury extended along the coast from Cap-Blanc on the south through all of Malbay (Baie-des-Moluës), out to L'Anse-St.-Pierre (Point St. Peter), and a distance thence half a league up Gaspé Bay, and over all this stretch it ran inland two miles. Large as it was, the proprietor was constantly endeavoring to get the grant increased. Other fields than ours are always the greener and he coveted the whole of Gaspé Bay. Even while begging Duchesneau for financial help, in prodigious inventories of materials needed, requisitions for men, details of equipment essential to a successful fishing establishment, he kept asking for Gaspé, though quite steadily failing to make the Percé fishing profitable. Gaspé Bay, neither in those days nor since, has been comparable to Percé in its fishing.

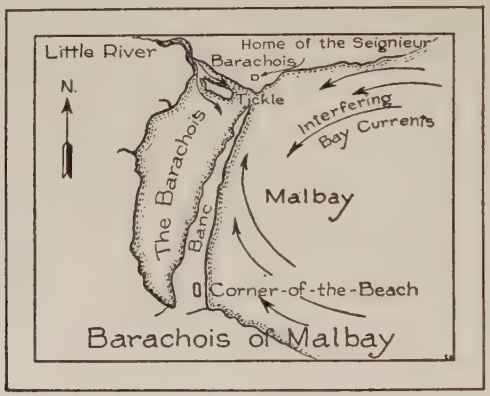
With all his great grant and his right to keep vagrant fishermen away, he was obliged to hold his beach free for the use of the French fleet when they wanted to dress and dry their fish, for neither Intend-

ist and authority on fisheries, of the Quebec Department of Colonization and Fisheries, the opportunity of consulting the transcription of these documents.

ant nor King, anxious enough to establish a settled business, purposed to drive away from the coast the great business carried on with the home ports. Doubtless this fact helped to make the Seigneur's struggle more difficult, for with his few men he could not even hold a fair share of his beaches against the crowd of boats that were out from France. When Bazire, one of the partners, died, Denys thought of taking on in his place one LaSalle, who claimed to have a "secret" (still undiscovered) for catching the cod without work.

It is of no great moment to history that Denys's organized attempt at the *pêche fixe* was a failure, in spite of every effort. What the proprietor did accomplish in advancing the fortunes of the coast was the foundation of a double settlement. He had his winter establishment and habitation at the "Little River" and his summer equipment of storehouse and the religious houses at Percé. Only two rivers enter into the early records of the coast, that which the missioners were wont to speak of with a certain emotion as "our Great River of Gaspay"—the St. Lawrence; the other, this little river which enters the head of the Baie-des-Moluës (Malbay) at the Barachois, and even today has no other name than Malbay River. It should be interesting to all lovers of this coast to know that this first manor house of Gaspé was not located on the great *banc* which stretches for miles across the head of the bay, but on the far or northern side of the tickle. Denys found the Barachois a suitable winter harbor for all his boats. We know that

his houses were close alongside the stream where the village of Barachois begins, and I have little doubt, from all accounts, that the home of my venerable friend, Thomas Tapp, now stands on Denys's original clearing. Here grew up, under varying misfortunes, the establishment, which, in its last estate, made a rather imposing inventory: a manor large enough for fifteen persons, with a court of two acres and an



acre of garden, enclosed by a paling fence painted white; a barn, a stable for twenty cattle, two storehouses and thirty acres of cleared land. Across the bay and around the point of Cape Barré on the north beach of Percé, where Robin, LeBoutillier, Valpy and LeBas, Tardif, Biard have followed, the Denys-Bazire-Aubert Company carried on its active operations. Here they had built two storehouses, had ten boats in commission, had put up a house for two Recollet fathers and built them a chapel and made a clearing of more than one hundred acres. Thus devel-

oped an all-the-year settlement, a fragile thing clinging to the habitation and its fringe of clearings, never a matter of more than a half dozen families or of twenty-five to thirty persons. The fishing company failed. Even less than a year after asking for more coast, it had ceded all its holdings from the Little River north to Jacques LeBer, whose success or failure is not recorded, and by 1685 the Percé fishing had gone to pieces and the seigneury had relapsed to Nicolas Denys. The business of the grant seems to have been kept up for a while by Richard Denys, Sieur de Fronsac, acting as "commandant" for his father, Nicolas, who had become old, and the latter from his home at Nepisiguit makes a last appeal, this time to the Minister Seignelay, for aid to the Gaspé settlement.

It is a deeper and more living interest that is to be found in the history of the work of the missioners at Île Percée. The story has now been pretty well disentangled from the records and we know more about it than of Pierre Denys's seigneury. Much of what the records can afford has quite recently been brought together by Father Hugolin.*

The religious interests of the coasts before 1663 had been, we have noticed, entrusted in a rather haphazard way to the Jesuits, but with an established

* *L'Établissement des Récollets à l'Îsle Percée, 1673-1690* (1912). LeClercq's *Nouvelle Relation de la Gaspésie* is of course the chief source of knowledge of the subject, and the annotated translation of this work by Professor Ganong, published by the Champlain Society, has helped to interpret and illumine contemporary events.

settlement at Percé continuous missionary labors were possible, and it was the Seigneur's particular wish that these be assigned to the Recollets. There was good reason for this. These Franciscans, first brought by Champlain, had but just come again to New France and were a feeble folk in numbers, but one of them was the son of Pierre Denys. This son, Joseph, was then in France for his consecration, but he was afterward to take an important part in the Percé mission. Percé was to be the first mission station in Canada under this order.

The great missioner of Percé, Chrestien LeClercq, who has left so intimate a story of his life here for eleven years, did not arrive at the seigneury until the work was well begun by Fathers Guesnin and Dethunes in 1673, and for them it would seem the *maison* and chapel at Percé had been built by the settlement. LeClercq arrived in 1675 on board the *Lion d'Or* and was landed at the habitation on Malbay "at four o'clock in the afternoon of October 27th," after having been well-nigh shipwrecked on Anticosti Island. We know how well he devoted himself to his work of turning the Micmacs to Christianity, the mission to which he had been specially consecrated, how he succeeded where he feared failure and failed where he felt success secure. In his labor among the Indians he was alone, and by its very nature he was not attached to the seigneury. He traveled much and far, and we find a very considerable part of his story is of the Indians of the Ristigouche and the Nepisiguit. We can not be altogether sure who was left at Percé

to look after the French during LeClercq's long absence, but Father Jumeau came in 1682 and Joseph Denys, son of the Seigneur, arrived for his first station the next year, accompanied by a singularly beautiful character, a young brother *convers,* Didace Pelletier. The relations of these two men became most intimate and affectionate. Father Joseph had just returned from France a priest in the vigor of his twenty-three years and it would seem that here first in Percé he made the acquaintance of this brother, of like age with him, who was to be his companion in labor not here alone in Percé, but afterward at Plaisance and Three Rivers, and of whose all too short life he was to be the biographer. Brother Didace, gentle in disposition and helpful in service, was the carpenter, "our carpenter," *nostre charpentier récollet,* to whose sturdy hands was to fall the building of the churches. This he did here and at Plaisance and again at Three Rivers, where, while drawing lumber from the woods to build the church, he contracted pneumonia and died in 1699. That the memory of this short life is still treasured and actively efficient among the faithful, while prelates of high degree have come and gone and been forgotten, is the most enduring tribute to his character.*

These men were primarily concerned with the settlers and fishermen and Brother Didace replaced the little chapel at Percé, fifty by twenty-five feet, with a larger church. This church was undoubtedly located

* See *Le Frère Didace Pelletier, Récollet,* by Odoric-N. Jouve, 1910.

on the slope of Mont-Joli toward the north beach, where it would not be hidden from the fishermen at sea, and not far from the slope where even yet are evidences of the old burying ground, the *ancien cimetière.**

Let the fancy picture a summer Sunday at Percé during the few brief years of the mission. The moorings and beaches were dotted by hundreds of flats, chaloupes and long *biscaiennes,* with the scores of square-rigged vessels to which they belonged swinging at their chains in the three-mile channel. There was no Sabbath stillness in the air. To the usual rattle of the decks and cordage were added the shouts of the idle men, from boat to boat, from boat to shore. The beaches, with their stunted growth of spruce cleared back over the upper slopes, were as thick with men as flies on a codhead. Where now the old LeBoutillier storehouse stands were the storehouses of Denys, and his clearings reached beyond the swampy ground

* Father Hugolin says that Father Dethunes had scarcely arrived at Percé in 1673 when a murder was there committed on the person of Simon Baston, merchant of La Rochelle. Three persons were accused of this act, one of them the captain of the *Prince Maurice*. All were taken to Quebec for examination but, as it was found impossible to get an interpreter there who understood the Basque language, the accused were sent back to France for trial. Two hundred and forty years later a pair of inquisitive minds sought to satisfy a natural curiosity as to the contents of a barrow on the site of the *ancien cimetière* on Mont-Joli. Their spade and mattocks uncovered a broad, flat stone which when raised disclosed—to the horror and self-reproach of the French digger—a human skull through whose calvarium was a large puncture, which might well have been made by a blow from a handspike received in some mêlée on the beach.

where now are houses, some old, some new. The priests' lodgings, which LeClercq always called the *hospice,* were somewhere near the church, doubtless up a little way from the beach where the Biard home now stands. Amid the lowing of Denys's cattle and the cackle of his chickens, one hears the sound of LeClercq's bell sending its tinkling summons among the noisy, motley crews, and sees the brown-robed, sandaled priest, Father Joseph, leave the hospice, climbing the hill to the little church of his hopes, following Brother Didace, whose creation it was.

But the men on the beach sat indifferent, some breaking away to the woods for a shot at caribou, moose, or bear, some mending their nets, and, no doubt, most drinking *à la mode* the rum and brandy with which all the vessels were superabundantly supplied. At the edge of the forest, or mingling with the fishermen here and there, were bands of Micmacs from the settlement at the Little River, acquiring their fiery taste for rum, but with perhaps one and another of the converts left by Father LeClercq answering the call. Few others responded to the summons. It was a rough crowd, the hardiest and hardest the home ports could supply. They were Basques and Bayonnais, Biscayans and Normans, with perhaps a few Yankees from the Massachusetts colonies. The seigneur and his family, filled with loyal pride in the labors of the son, Father Joseph, are crossing the bay from the habitation and coming ashore by the storehouses, and they add to the assemblage the essential dignity of the landholder.

So, while the priests served at the altar to a handful of the faithful, the beaches were still thronged with a boisterous, drunken, riotous crowd, caring naught for the doings in the little church of St. Peter. It was too small a church, thought Monseigneur St. Vallier, who had seen it, for the needs of so large a community, but evidently to the nomad crowd on the beaches it mattered little whether the church was large or small. So the day must have passed in noise and riot till evening came on and it was time to set the herring nets.

Over on Bonaventure Island, Brother Didace had erected another building, which had been formally consecrated to St. Claire, and this fact speaks of a large number of the fishermen who had made the single great *gràve* at this island the seat of their business.

So extraordinary was the activity of the coasts in these days that never since has there been so much done in the business of fishing, and even when the settlement became fixed the riotous practices of the inhabitants were notorious. After the Recollets were gone and long years later, when the mission had been reëstablished under other auspices, indeed even to so late as a century ago, there were in the place so many cabarets running all Sunday that few could be got within the walls of the church. It is not easy to realize that this decent and orderly community, with its beautiful church and punctilious observances, its charming homes and growing local pride, could have been of so unenviable repute.

Alas for the mission and alas for the seigneury! The *forbans* were abroad on the Gulf and Frontenac himself, who stopped at Percé in 1689, had been told of their doings. But all came to an end on an August day in 1690 when two frigates flying the English colors turned their crews loose on the beaches. The churches which represented so much struggle and labor and prayer were burned and the sacred relics debauched. With them went the cabins of the settlers and storehouses of the seigneur. It is a pitiful tale of horrid and cruel misdeeds that Father Jumeau, left alone in Percé after the departure of Father Joseph and Brother Didace for the new missions at Plaisance, told in his letter to LeClercq, published in the introduction to the *Nouvelle Relation.* It has been often retold as the sad climax of the mission.*

The missioners themselves never knew who did this foul deed. They ascribed it to the "Bastonnais," and that was sufficient imputation of evil, but the records of New York tell only too plainly where the responsibility lay. In those days New York was in the grip of the English governors, hard, desperate men of unlovely repute and practices. New York and the Long Island shores were nesting places of pirates working under commissions as privateers. It was one of these, Captain Kidd, whom William of Orange put in commission to capture some bothersome freebooters. And in like manner Jacob Leisler, acting as self-appointed "commandant" of New York while awaiting the arrival of a royal governor, entered into

* See the English version in *Sketches of Gaspé,* 1908, p. 51; Ganong's Translation of LeClercq, 1912.

a compact with Capt. William Mason to crush the French settlements of the Gulf. Percé alone fell victim to this man's lust. Having sacked this spot, Mason and his consort set sail for the East Indies, where they committed such successful piracies that he was able to pay each man of his crews, eighty-five in all, 1800 pieces-of-eight, and on his return give Fletcher, now governor, a handsome share of his booty for the privilege of entering New York harbor. Percé lost its churches, Leisler lost his head, and the English governors of New York their reputations.

The devastation done by the *forbans* of New York was completed by the ships of Sir William Phipps on his disastrous campaign against Quebec. He passed this place only a few weeks later and set fire to the buildings of the Seigneur at the Barachois. And so Percé, civil and religious, came to an end; the labors of priest and Seigneur were turned to naught; the storehouses destroyed, the crosses hacked to pieces, the sacred vestments trampled on the beach, the cattle slain, the holy wine made a libation to Bacchus; nothing remained but the cross on the mountain which the debauchers could not reach. And over it all Monseignat laments to Madame de Maintenon. But yet, during the days of the seigneury, what a luminous procession passed under the shadow of its great Rock, entering by this gate upon their careers of discovery—Marquette and Jolliet, LaSalle and Perrot, a great white galaxy of pioneers on their odysseys to open a domain larger than the Roman Empire.

Her Majesty, Percé

XII

The Ancient Families—Acadians—Quebec French—Arrival of the Irish—Channel Islanders—Their coming and influence—Jersey names—La petite Césarie—Reminiscence of Victor Hugo—Huguenots—Basques and Paspejacks—The homes along the Highway—Medicine and the Law—A touch of Guernsey, Captain Kidd and the High Sheriff—The Percé Totem—Literary Club—The Grand Trine—The Life on the beaches—Logan Park—Gaspé monuments to great geologists.

THERE is no aroma of the seigneury in the Percé of today and none of the names of families registered in Denys's reports to the Intendant seem to be preserved on the countryside. There are remnants of the Acadians in some of the oldest families, now mostly scattered over the little farmsteadings, and they are, I think, the only living reliques of the days "before Quebec." And there are later French who have been drawn to this shiretown of Gaspé from the upper St. Lawrence parishes, largely for professional business—courtly and inviting personalities of ancient lineage, though not of the coast. These are more recent members of the community than the Irish, who must have begun their arrivals about a century ago and have scattered themselves largely through the southern part of the parish, and on the single second concession road which fails to get by the mountain front, but leads at once out of the village, up over the hills into Irishtown. Distinguished names are among these Irish families; some of their scions have been of re-

nown in the affairs of province and nation. But it would be wrong to think of any of them as Irish in our common expression. The French speech is in them all and in most the French blood flows freely. There are Irish to whom English is a foreign tongue—children of French mothers and grandmothers to whom "home rule for Ireland" is an esotery that carries no thrill.

Older than the Irish invasion was the coming of the people from La Manche—the Channel Islanders, an event, in its beginning and in its sequence, of the utmost influence upon the physical and spiritual ideals of the coast. There was no room in Gaspé for these sea-roving fishermen of the Channel Islands while it was yet a French desmesne. Doubtless they made no trial of these rich fishing grounds whose fame had gone abroad throughout all the coasts of France and Britain, and toward which English eyes had ever been looking since the voyage of the Cabots. To Newfoundland they had come, more secure in their English rights of possession, and today the geography of southern Newfoundland bears witness, in its host of Jersey place-names, to the loyalty of these Jersey settlers to the home islands. But the great Catholic markets of France were imperiously shut to their fish. As the Conquest was accomplished and the new markets of Portugal and the Mediterranean and Spanish America grew wider, Gaspé became a coast of great promise too, as it has been a coast of great performance by the men of Jersey and Guernsey.*

* H. W. Le Messurier has recently written interestingly of

And so they came, faithful subjects of the Duke of Normandy, who to them is, by courtesy only, the King of England, speaking, by courtesy, the King's English, but by allegiance the ancient French of the Norman dukes. The Jerseymen of today in Gaspé, still looking back across the Atlantic to their home

Nom d'un nom, c'est lui!

islands, give echoes of their Norman speech, which is older than the French of Louis. When the Channel Islander came to Gaspé he came with the purpose to make his fortune in the fishing and return. The capitalist usually did so, but the men and boys he brought to carry on his business stayed on and are staying yet. The passing years have made them substantial and

"The Early Relations between Newfoundland and the Channel Islands" (*The Geographical Review,* Dec., 1916).

dignified families of the coast, loyal to each other because still loyal to the home islands. Their ancient rallying cry at home when wrong was put upon any: *"Ha! Ro; Ha! Ro; à l'aide, mon prince, on me fait tort!"* still seems to vibrate on this coast.

Of these fine Channel Island families Percé has its large share, larger, I think, than at any other port of Gaspé; indeed, it might well revive the ancient name, "La petite Césarie." Among them, years ago, pilgrimages to the home islands were frequent occurrences, annual necessary occurrences to the managers of the fishing business whose capital lay in Jersey, but they are seldom now. The capital has largely come across the Atlantic, and the Channel Islands are disappearing farther into the distance.

Among the Jersey names here one may find LeBoutillier, LeMarquand, Valpy, Dumaresq, Houquoil, Biard, Renouf, LeBreton, Bisson, LeScelleur, LeQuesne, LeGrand, LeMontais, LeBrun, Bower, Gibaut, Hamon, DeQuetteville, LeMasurier; a sonorous group, and amongst them some sonorous tales. To recall, in this Canadian Jersey, childhood hours in old Jersey, sitting on the knee of Victor Hugo and purloining candies from his great child-loving pockets—this is to have absorbed a sweetness, by the bearer of one of these names, the late Francis Gibaut, which lasted into the silvery nightfall.

Few of the Guernsey families belong to the Percé coast. We have noticed that in the 1790's they came out and settled on the Forillon, first at the Indian Cove, and with successive arrivals spread themselves

all along that little peninsula, making of it a Little Guernsey, as it still is today.

The Huguenots, never very popular with Maintenon and her King, were equally unloved by Louis's governors in Canada. On the slope of Cap-au-Canon where the storm-mast stands, in the abandoned burial plot of the English Church, now overgrown with wild strawberries, still stand three tablets of stone, one marking the resting place, after a stormy life, of Captain Peter John Duval, proprietor of Bonaventure Island, and the others reminding the children unto the third and fourth and fifth generation of the life and influence of a Huguenot descendant who, by some strange haphazard, found out Percé by way of Bermuda. To this coast he was as a sturdy maple and his winged seed has scattered far and full, sprouting true and strong wherever it has taken root.

The Brigand of Bonaventure Surveys His Demesne

And in the summer days the spoken word of the place is variegated by the arrival at the beaches of Basques of the Basses-Pyrénées from L'Anse-aux-Gascons and their neighbors, the Paspejacks.

Before we enter the underground of Percé to estimate its buried mysteries, I would like to dare personally to conduct the courteous reader through its

thoroughfare. One may at least start down over the southern wall, the Côte Surprise, and see what one may see along this highway where the village spreads itself out at full length. The sea cliffs and the beaches are at the right, at the left the red and white mountains, ahead the ragged flanks of the northern crags. Climbing down into the great broken bowl of the Percé stadium, exquisite in its workmanship of form and living figures, one is reminded of a fragment of the Portland vase despoiled indeed by a desperate hand, but suggesting the whole beauty of its perfect lines. Over a trembling, timbered bridge crossing a red and white gash cut in the rocks by a tumbling brook, there is first an upstanding house at the left, capacious and towered, commanding a fine view from its elevated place which can neither be surpassed nor described. I remember the pride with which its builder bodied out its imposing proportions. He had been a successful advocate in the practice of the county and this was to be the adequate home of his growing family. But a heavy hand was laid upon him in his manhood before the house was done and the work of completion was left for others. Now it is a retreat for the uneasy and by lucky chance here comes its cheery father confessor on his way downhill from his morning visitation. Rotund, shining with a benedictine glow, aflame with zeal for all the out of doors, intimate with every nook and corner in the mountains, on the beaches, in the woods, generous in his Acadian English, there could be no more happy companion. A daring doctor! He has built his new

Percé Rock as seen from the Conglomerate Cliffs of the South Beach

home on Mont-Joli, right in the heart of the *ancien cimetière,* and close to the hole out of which two resurrectionists took the perforated calvarium of Simon Baston, the first man murdered in Canada—all of which has been faithfully related.

Then next is a little white house in the middle of a hayfield. It is one of the four-square houses with sharply gabled roofs which are as common in the French settlements as the somewhat more elaborate chapeau house with dormer windows. I do not know which is the more ancient type of house. One will sometimes hear the chapeau roofs called Jersey houses, but they were here long before the Jerseymen and in settlements all through Quebec where Jerseymen are unknown. Hayfield, I said; well, sometimes there is grass among the daisies, mustard, blue vetch and tansy. Weeks of weary, happy nights in the unsealed guestroom of this house were haloed for me in generous and unfailing thoughtfulness. There is, in Quebec city, I believe, a widely known law firm doing business under the partnership title of "Flynn, Flynn and Flynn." All are of Gaspé French breeding, and the boy of this home, who was my courier, was wont to cherish the ambition of being the member of this firm who would lengthen its title to "Flynn, Flynn, Flynn and Flynn."

At the left, close to the edge of the sea cliff, long stood a Guernseyman's home right in the teeth of the enemy. Storm waves breaking on the rocks below bespattered it and pounded out the security of its red foundation stones. Little by little this cliff face

approached the house, till discretion prompted desertion of the place, and a new home was built on the other side of the highway. It is the house behind the poplars, and in their shelter lies that rare adjunct of a home in Percè, a garden of flowers. It overlooks another timber-bridged gully—the very place where Captain Kidd buried his treasure, and where seekers have been caught digging by the light of the moon with spades riveted to the hafts with copper nails, which would surely "draw" the golden doubloons and silver plate. It is an odd place to run down this much abused pirate—his farthest north, I am sure. But it is one of the old stories of the coast and I fancy it may date back to the time of the destruction of the churches, when Mason of New York and his crews wrought out their foul work; Kidd and Mason were contemporaries, and it may be that some part of Mason's deeds have been transferred to Kidd's already overloaded shoulders. This house was one of my Gaspé homes. One does not willingly parade the intimacies of home; a responsive memory is not merely big with visions of spotless housekeeping and faultless cooking, and the ample thoughtfulness of Guernsey-Scotch hospitality, but with the greater vision within it of an absolute devotion and unfaltering, unspoken love while the years grew old.

But one can not go on in this way, telling to another, from the full-horn of experience, of the people who compose this thoroughfare. There is a story and a moral at every step. Here you pass a place where the High Sheriff dines from off the most beautiful

A Spread of Fish at Percé. Logan Park in background with the Château James at the right, Hotel Bisson at the left

"Spode"; there where a learned physician, with a quiver full of extraordinary tales, will teach you music, auction bridge, or how to swim in the icy waters of the Gulf. That pair of high gate-posts, those with the great balls on them, leads up to something, too, by a long avenue of aspens and Jersey willows which hide its destination. Farther on are the extensive ancient spick-and-span buildings of the fishing station—the C. R. C., dominated by a marvelous figure-head from some long lost craft, an admirably carved, full-length figure of a wild and bearded Maori or black-whiskered Malouin in green loin-skirt with axe uplifted prancing to a fray. It is reputed that this beautiful piece of wood carving was found unknown years ago at Grand River, washed ashore from some unrecorded wreck, to the horror of the fishermen, who believed they had found the body of a drowned sailor. Long it has been the divinity of Percé and has seen maidens grow to spinsters and boys to graybeards. It is the most orderly as it is now a most venerable citizen of the parish, St. Théodat, the Percé Buddha.

Théodat-de-Percé

And then the literary club! Percé is not without its

aspirations and achievements in the gentler arts. This is a place behind closed doors and within walls garnished with choice selections of current art and the sprightly *mots* of the countryside, where familiar spirits are wont to gather spontaneously for enlivening and uplifting intercourse. It is a gentlemen's club: if ladies demand admission they are courteously bespoken through a little square hole in the wall.

The Gloria of the Old Red Sandstone

I must cease from these particulars. Ahead and on either side, along the thoroughfare and the lanes which depart from it, is the resting place of every private virtue, and wide-armed hotels (a modern innovation) invite the visitor. Here we stand at the Grand Trine, the psychic sector of the village,—at one apex, close under the mountain rises our imposing church, the most beautiful edifice in Gaspé, in all its dignity of romanesque gothic; where its diverging lanes join the thoroughfare, at one angle stands the

post office, near the other the flower of domesticity, while along the base of the triangle are the shire buildings, our guerdon of order and justice. It is the triangle which typifies the life of the community and binds by a triune chain the church and state and home.

Now abideth Faith, Hope and Charity

But the village of Percé does not exist because of its natural beauty. The real life of the place is still today, as it has been for two hundred and fifty years, on the great fishing beaches which are divided north and south by the double promontory of Joli-Canon. On the South Beach the venerable C. R. C. has held possession for a century or more, and though the mode of the business is changing, yet its equipment of buildings still bears the expression of its historic orderliness.

At the North Beach one company has followed another in the business of curing fish. With the passing of the ancient mode of marketing the fish, the catch to be seen on these beaches was for many years less than it used to be; the ground was almost bare of drying flakes and one could not see 50,000 fish spread

to the sun at once at a single station, a common sight not long ago. But now that overzealous Gloucestermen have broken their own backs, the ancient mode has come back again, with its historic aroma, which, if distasteful at first to tender noses, is soon recognized as an essential and invigorating, as it is a venerable, element of the coast.

Loading Cod-heads à la mode

Nor are we without civic sentiment, as the little park consecrated to the memory of Sir William Edmond Logan shows. Logan was the founder of the Geological Survey of Canada in 1843. Scotch by descent, of Montreal by birth, Welsh by training in the geology of the coal, he came back first to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to study the coals of The Joggins, then to Pennsylvania. And having got his fire alight with his belief in the vast mineral wealth of Canada, he set the influences at work which or-

ganized this official survey, and was himself made its director. As soon as his organization was perfected, after a brief inspection of the Nova Scotia coal fields, he at once entered on the Gaspé peninsula and here the first entire season of the survey was spent in that year, 1843. Though he found neither coal nor any other mineral wealth of moment, he did find a great treasure house of important knowledge and laid the foundation of all that has been, or can ever be, done to unravel the making of this part of the earth.

So it was very appropriate that the beginning of his most excellent career in Canada should be commemorated here, and one brilliant day, when all the world was at peace and in the presence of geologists from many countries, the sheriff's daughter pulled aside the flag of Canada from the face of the bronze medallion tablet which had been placed on the vertical cliff of limestone that projects its head through the lower slope of Cape Canon. This little monument was dignified by the highmindedness of Mr. LeMarquand and Mr. Hamon, managers for the C. R. C., who gave the plot of ground on which it stands, for a public park, with the Geological Survey of Canada as trustee. Then we put an iron fence about it, graded it and laid out a walk. So Gaspé is in possession of at least two public monuments to great geologists, Sir William Logan and Hugh Miller.

In his first year in Gaspé, 1843, Logan spent much time on and about the Forillon. For several weeks he made his camp on the beach at Little Gaspé, and in his letters he records the fact that here he lost his compass. In the year 1917, the Guernsey boys plowing in the neighborhood turned out of the soil an ancient dial-compass such as the geologist uses in regions where the needle is subject to magnetic distractions, for locating his true north. This instrument bears every mark of venerable associations, and I have little doubt that it is the one dropped by Sir William seventy-four years before.

Sacred to the Memory of C. R. C.

"How on the faltering footsteps of decay youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth"

Geology at Percé

XIII

A Geologist's Eden—Diversity of structures—Dissected Appalachians—The Gaspé sigmoid—Balance of Geography and Geology—The succession of rock formations—The making of the old mountains—Life in Percé Rock—"Caledonids"—The later mountains on the old mountain roots.

THE mighty amphitheatre whose walls begin at Cap-Blanc at the south, extend along the Côte Surprise, then into the hills of Irishtown, and from there curve north into the high buttress of the Table-à-rolante and on to the Murailles of the Malbay, encloses the arena in which lies Percé; and in this arena, where the broken ends of the colosseum touch the shores, goes on the never ending fight between sea and land. No spot in all Appalachia, in all the eastern country made or influenced by the uplift of the Appalachian Mountains, indeed in all the land from these quiet Coasts of the Mountain Ends to the Valley of Hurry,* presents so great a diversity of geological structure as has here been brought together. Percé and its near-by shores have merited the distinction of presenting under most picturesque conditions, both of setting and color, an extraordinary series of problems for the student of the earth's history. An attempt to outline them here must be merciful and very untechnical.

* The Mississippi; sometimes called the "Valley of the New Democracy." See *The French in the Heart of America,* by John Finley.

No volcanic outburst has had anything to do with the beetling topography of the place; no more, indeed, than have the uneasy trolls and kobolds in the mountain rifts. This it is well to say because a disrupted, broken and rocky country seems to the casual mind to intimate violence, while there has never been, in the building of this coast, any force more violent than the beating of the waves even as they wash the shores today. The folded and sea-eaten cliffs are parts of the Appalachian mountain ridges. The rivers of this mountain range all along its line have cut ways here and there, but none could cut so deep as the sea and only here does the mountain system touch the sea. There is a sentimental as well as scientific interest in the fact, so often rehearsed, that here is the seaward end of this entire great system which gives form to the Atlantic seaboard of North America. The ridges which stand above the water plane at Percé are not the outermost of the mountain series. Stand on the Percé wharf and under the eye at the north, rising "swell on swell," as Bishop Mountain said of them, are the two ranges which end, one in Point St. Peter and the other in Shiphead Cape. Beyond the Shiphead point of Cape Gaspé lies still another which ends its course at Cap-des-Rosiers and guards the St. Lawrence River mouth. These are the outer Appalachians which, entering French Canada from their rigid course through Puritan New England, swing away from their stiff northeast backbone through a great ogee arc into an east and finally a southeast curve to their end. It is this Gaspé *sigmoid* which gives

shape and grace to the Gaspesian peninsula, and whose existence would have menaced the integrity of Canada were it not for the St. Lawrence River. At Percé, the cliffs of Whitehead, of Canon, Joli, the Percé Rock, the Murailles, with Barré, the Trois Soeurs, Pic d'Aurore, all are parts of the folds of these mountains, just as are the long tongues of rock land at the north which make the peninsula of St. Peter and of the Forillon.

Often elsewhere in Appalachia the old folds which have challenged the destructive agencies of the air have become valleys of the present day, while old intermontaine hollows are now themselves the highlands. But we have already observed the astonishing fact that Gaspé Bay, Malbay and the river systems which enter them lie in the old hollows between the original mountains. This fact is sufficiently impressive when one tries to think of the uncountable years through which this relation has kept its perfected balance. The sea has entered into the valleys and the folded land is still upstanding.

In the succession of these *memories* of the lost lands and the lost mountains of Gaspesia and the scarred land left behind, we must keep in mind that it is all very ancient, and, like the whole of Appalachia, represents the earliest group of sea-made rocks in the geological column—the Paleozoic. The divisions which compose it are these, beginning with the oldest: the *Cambrian,* whose rock beds here have hitherto refused to yield any evidences of life; the *Ordovician,* whose fossils may be found in the south flank of Mt.

Joli, in the farther gray cliffs of Cap-Blanc, beneath the Murailles where the coulée comes down to the sea from the Grande Coupe; the *Silurian,* in the north flank of Mont-Joli and, with the Ordovician, making the great ring of limestone mountains which encircle all Percé and the table land of Ste. Anne. From Cap-Blanc at the south, through the Irishtown hills and the high timbered mountains to the west, curving beneath the Grande Coupe cliff, these Ordovician-Silurian rocks reappear on the northeast at the water edge of Malbay. In proper succession above come the rocks of the *Devonian* system, which are of large importance here and take the following order from the bottom upward: the oldest are the gray limestones at Cap-Barré, which may also be seen on the first ascent of the north mountain road (Barré limestone); then follow the great sandstones, both white and dark, in the sea face of the Trois Soeurs and the Pic d'Aurore, with reddish limestones beneath (Pic d'Aurore series); and above these, in proper order of time, the red-yellow limestones of the Percé Rock which are repeated on the Murailles. These are all of the age of the Lower or Early Devonian, and they represent all the marine records of this long age that are here known; that is, the Middle and Upper stages of Devonian time presented in their fullness elsewhere as deposits from the sea, are not represented here.

One will not find these chapters of the rocky record so easy to read as the mere statement of them may imply. They are but scattered fragments, here one and there another, which only ceaseless patience has been

able to match together into one picture. In the perfection of orderly procedure, Nature laid them down; in slow but irresistible revolt, she tore them asunder and scattered their pieces. She left to them who can read, the story of her achievements in peace when her seas nurtured the progress of life, and the triumphs of her wars when she rooted up the bottoms from the seas to build them into mountains and drove their living things away with infinite sacrifice but into possibilities of higher development.

All of the strata we have mentioned stand nearly vertical; the most striking feature of the Percé cliffs is this upright posture of its rock beds, brought out with startling effect at Joli, Percé Rock and in Cap-Blanc, while on the face of the Pic d'Aurore there stands under the eye a clear, sharp fold of all the rocks. Though the attitude of these strata along the east front is actually a slight slope to the south away from the vertical, yet one must measure his conception of these cliffs and the enormous disturbance to which they have been subjected by the reflection that all their layers were once flat in the bottom of the sea.

Upon these uptilted beds of limestone and shale and their sharp, rough, denuded edges lies the great red mantle of gently folded, almost horizontal, rock, which makes the Table-à-rolante (Mt. Ste. Anne), the tip of the Pic d'Aurore, the shore cliffs of the South Beach, all of Bonaventure Island and the slopes from Cannes-des-roches to Corner-of-the-Beach and around the Malbay to Point St. Peter. This sheet of red conglomerate and sandstone was

called by Sir William Logan the Bonaventure formation. It is not a marine deposit, but one formed by the wash or drainage from Percesia, the great lost arid land of the Gulf, and it is the last and latest term of the rock series of the country. It represents in part the later stages of the *Devonian* time and the earlier part of the *Carboniferous* age, next succeeding.

These are the gross facts, but they are a mere hint of the story. They speak nothing of the challenge thrown down to the geologist by the painted cliffs of Pic d'Aurore and its sisters, whose structure is obvious enough in the telling but not in the finding. They are sparing in words of the wealth of buried life in the Percé Rock and in the great limestone festoon which encircles Percé and its mountains.

So extraordinary an exhibit of geology are these cliffs that as my industrious hammer rests for a while I feel that only the opening chapter of their story has been read. And this geological story, condensed to its uttermost and set down for those who may be interested in this older history of the coast, runs somewhat thus:

The uptilted coast rocks are the roots of the ancient mountain ridges whose folds ran and still run inland in about the direction of the longer axis of Percé Rock. Follow upward into the sky the line of inclination of these rock beds and you may conceive the mountainous heights they might have reached had not the waters worn them away as they rose. One must think of these hard beds as having been folded up, not in a single great rock wave but into many,

and these major waves crumpled into smaller ones, as one sees little wavelets on the back of a great sea wave. The smaller waves or close folds one may see in the face of the Murailles and on Cap-au-Canon, but the greater folds can be brought back to the mind's eye only by the restoration of the lost parts, which have been swept away by the waves and worn off by long exposure to the weather. The rock formations at Mont-Joli are repeated at Cap-Blanc two miles away, which means either that one great fold of these rocks, sweeping upward into the air, joined these two parts or that they were connected by a series of smaller folds. It is easy to understand how the forces so tremendous as to shove the flat rock beds into mountain ranges would also break and crush these rigid masses; so when folds were made and were not firmly supported from beneath, their parts would slip and settle down along such lines of fracture or be shoved along one over the other. There are evidences of such displacements, or faults, of slight amount on the south face of Mont-Joli, at Cap-Barré and elsewhere.

But the parts of these folded limestones which rose high over the interval from Cap-au-Canon to Cap-Blanc have been faulted deep down and are completely worn away by ages of solution and erosion, so that we can only infer their existence under the sheet of red conglomerate which mantles all this low region.

The mountain-making epoch which turned these beds of the sea into high land was during the period of the Middle Devonian. We know it was no earlier,

because the Percé Rock is a part of the latest rock formation of this uptilted series and it belongs to the Lower Devonian. All through the long stretches of Middle Devonian time and far into the late or Upper Devonian, the new-made mountains faced the rains, the eroding streams, the glacial ice and the strong acids of the air through the centuries, till their tops were cut down into valleys and low, jagged cliffs, now for the most part buried deep beneath the red conglomerates.

We have spoken of these mountains as ridges of the Appalachians, but this is not a quite accurate expression, for in Pennsylvania and southward the Silurian, Devonian and Carboniferous rocks were folded up together, but in these northern mountains the folds were made before the Carboniferous time began, indeed, before the Devonian period had closed; so the Appalachians at the south and at the north are not an equal measure of time or of work. The geologist is wont to distinguish these northern mountains, made during the Devonian period, as "Caledonids," a term which brings them into closer comparison with the composition and date of the making of the old Caledonian mountains in Scotland, which extend thence north along the coast of North Greenland and so tie up with these of Gaspé.

It was long that these Caledonid mountains stood uncovered to the attacks of the atmosphere, and during their day the sea was far away and not among the conspirators against them. Over their high Devonian surfaces the land ice of local glaciers accumu-

lated and ground its way out through the drainage channels. Then came a slow depression of all the land; high levels were brought low; little by little the waters of the great St. Lawrence River, whose ancient channel lies through the heart of the Gulf, spread over the land where the Gulf now lies, and still farther down it sunk till the outer sea rose to join the delta waters of the river. Over the submerged land, from Percé at the north, far southward into New Brunswick, the river, flowing southward, poured its deposits of débris, sand, rounded pebbles of granite and jasper and limestone, often great blocks of stone large as a man, materials heaped up by the fresh waters and by the floating ice, and distributed them all along the eastern edge of the old mountain roots. Red with iron, these masses of the Bonaventure formation now stand along the present shores, 1200 feet in the air at Ste. Anne-de-Percé. To these heights they have been raised by the upward or "positive" movement of the land which ended long ago and gave to the whole coastline a stability from which it has not much departed in all the later ages of the earth, save as the sea has planed away its outstanding edges. This mantle of Bonaventure conglomerate, from beneath which the roots of the old limestone mountains will be found peeping here and there, in the Pic d'Aurore, in the Coulée, at Cap-Blanc, at Little River East, Port Daniel, the Black Capes, etc., does not reach very far back from the coast and grows thinner the farther in it goes, as a great delta deposit should.

Table-à-Rolante

XIV

Heights of Parnassus—The mountain name—The rolling mesa—The sliced-off cliffs—Petite Ste. Anne—Flat conglomerates—The extraordinary circumvallation of the mountain—The scenic ramparts—Glen of Cannes-des-Roches—Jean Jean of the Vale—Amphitheatre and Grande-Coupe—A rifted-relict mountain—Its scattered parts; broken cliffs at Malbay; the Robin reefs; Bonaventure Island—The Helicon of the Gulf.

SOME temerarious venturers in the twilight of the gods tried to scale the Olympian heights by piling one mountain range upon another. Even so here at Percé; and while one mountain is piled atop the roots of others, they together will help better to scale Parnassus, even though Apollo may be away salmon fishing.

Nature has taken various ways in the making of her mountains. There has been no indiscriminate tossing together of rocks into great piles in this department of earth building. Even where the aspect of the earth looks angriest and the mountains seem to have broken violently away from restraining fetters, there has been nothing disorderly in the outcome. On Alp or Selkirk or Himalaya, one beholds the sublimity of majesty among the mountain peaks; all these are molded on a gigantic scale of deformation, but still all very much on the simple plan of the great wave breaking on the beach. The little mountain, unimpressive in its lines perhaps, may be cast in a different mold, of a rare and unusual pattern. And

this is why the sacred mountain of Percé, which broods over the little village, catching first the darts of the coming day and casting the first shadows over its evening repose, is rare among mountains.

In the ancient Colosseum, at the center, facing the arena, stood the Emperor's dais and marquee; and on the broken colosseum of this coast the Table-à-rolante stands facing all that is lost and all that remains of the mighty stadium of Percesia. We can not say when the mountain changed its ancient name of Table-à-rolante to Ste. Anne. This change was a spiritual dispensation which probably can not have the approval of the Board of Geographic Names. The mountain lineaments of Gaspé, the northern Appalachia, swing round, as we have noticed, like the upper half of the letter S. One range with another follows their long curves, and flat upon their worn-off roots, caught in the embrace of these curving arms, lies the mountain of our present regard.

To comprehend the structure of this mesa-mountain, and to understand why it elicits the enthusiasm of the geologist, the courteous reader will kindly lay aside this book till he has wandered, if fate permits, among its defiles and has caught the singular regularity of its lines; then we can understand better the causes which have conspired to make it.

Drinking in first a full view of the ruddy mountain face that glows down on Percé village from under its spruce, noting the downward roll of its smooth top toward the north, we take our way southward up the distant hill to where the English church dis-

courages the practices of the faith by a needlessly breathless approach. At that point one can look into a chasm or gulf lying between the main mass of the upstanding rock wall and a lower-lying body of rock rising part way up the acclivity. This lower mass is Petite Ste. Anne, a little mountain of herself, but broken away and slipped down from the mother mass. Thence onward the road rises higher upon the flank of the red mountain rocks, but ever at the right the red rock wall rises sheer to the spruce line. Presently the rock of the roadside changes and our feet are treading the edges of the vertical gray limestones, the roots of the older (Silurian) mountains on which the newer mountain rests. Off at the left are the rolling walls of these old gray limestone mountains falling back into the trackless bush, but at the right the vertical walls pass into the marvelous insinuating curve of the "Amphitheatre," where the rounded, weathered faces of the heavy rock beds are streaked blue-black by the manganese seeping from the moist soil overhead. In this picturesque crescent the vertical wall has lost some of its height, but it rises again as we come out of the looping road which runs beneath it and skirts its upstanding rear buttress looking toward the west. So far in our circle we have been following the south or "long road"; the square mountain castle of the Ladycliff lags behind as we pass on to where our road picks up at a schoolhouse corner the branch from the north side, the "short cut," and both together flow on, a corrie road cut through the slope of the spruce cliffs, with the trees overhanging on one

side, while on the other they drop sharply downward to the water of a mountain gorge; at the right one walks among the tree roots, at the left he is sailing airily among spires of spruce. Down the way leads, becoming at each step more embowered in the forest, till presently the greensward of a brook level is reached, a place where kelpies are known to dance by moonlight with the water nymphs, where elf-candles burn while the old story is told over again. Thence on the trout-laden brook darts chattering straight down to the sea between the defiles of Cannes-des-Roches, running through the vale of Jean Jean and so near his shieling that one might take trout by a cast from the upper windows—or almost. And if this sounds poetical it is not so much so as the Canadian songs that have floated out and upward from these windows.*

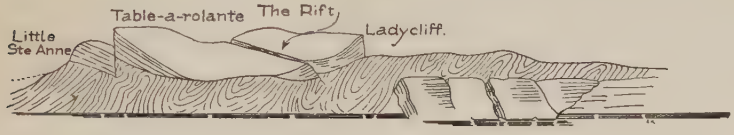
We should have turned backward where the roads joined, for we are making our way about the crag foot and the "short cut" completes the circuit. This is "Father Lavoie's road," an undertaking of dizzy grades which lessen the distance across by heightening both the angles while heightening also the beauty of

* Cannes-des-Roches, a glen of extraordinary beauty, is the home of but a single family, that of Jean Jean, a silent philosopher, whose wife prefers to call herself Mrs. John John. And the *Val* is not wanting to make the name complete and picturesque. Jean Jean of the Vale is of Jersey too, of the same atmosphere that gave birth to Jean Valjean. It is a delightful embrasure in the forest-clad cliffs and here the Canadian poet Chapman has sung, with the spirit of New France, of the loves which spread themselves through these groves and buskets to where the little burn loses itself in the Malbay.

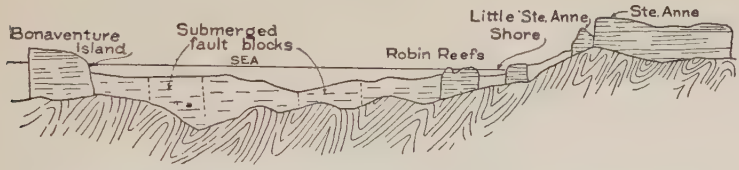
the surroundings. Face toward Percé, then, we pass again under the scarp of the Ladycliff, at the right, catching here and again, with every depression on the left, brief glimpses of the blue Malbay. The road is rough and precipitous; suddenly at the summit it drops down by a succession of sharp falls into the shadow of the Grande Coupe, where the red rock wall rises in its most imposing majesty. Into its embrace the road winds as it did on the opposite side of the mountain into the Amphitheatre which we have long passed. Black waters trickle over this carnelian bastion and gather together at its base in a precipitous coulée which gashes the white limestone mountain foot down to the sea. From the heights as one enters this walled enclosure, the sharp red campanile of the Pic d'Aurore confronts him at the exit across the chasm, velvet green upon her shoulders but dropping her auroral tincture over all the sea wall to the strand beneath.

From the Grande Coupe on, one ascends again the lower wall of the mountain, the lower rolling slope of the Table-à-rolante, and at its top faces the panorama of Percé, thence closing the circuit by a long descent into the village. Here at the Grande Coupe, however, lies one of the keys to the mountain structure. Along the roadside upward lies a great overturned block, fallen from the face of the sheer cliff above. Beyond the coulée, along the shore to Cannes-des-Roches and further, lies a vast extent of these rocks, upturned, cleft and slidden away from their place in the mountain-mesa. So at every side of the mesa where the walls

upstand have masses been sheared away as one might cut with a knife a loaf of layer cake. We see this slicing process actually under way on the Percé front where the Petite Ste. Anne has broken off and is sinking downward. And on the summit platform above,



The folded rocks below are the limestone roots of the Silurian mountains. Over them lie the gently dipping faulted beds of Table-à-rolante (Ste. Anne)



Section from Mt. Ste. Anne across the channel to Bonaventure Island, to show how the solution of the folded limestones has undermined the blocks of red Bonaventure conglomerate

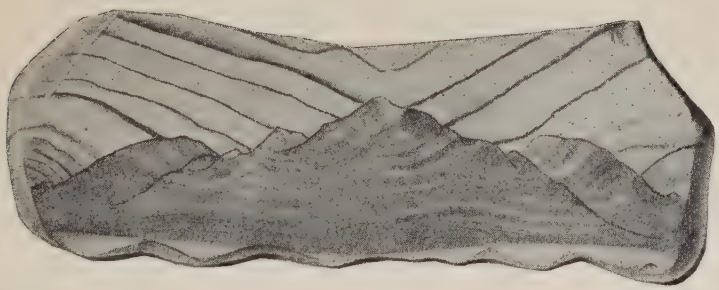
running straight athwart it from the Grande Coupe to the Amphitheatre, that is, from face to face of the opposite fault cliffs, lies the Great Rift,* a crevasse which is in the very act of breaking the mountain asunder, as it has been broken many times before. Ste. Anne is only the remaining uplifted fragment left

* The Rift which is such an important key to the structure of the Table-à-rolante, was first located by Madame Bourassa-Chauvin, whose ardent zeal has pried open many a hidden story of the coast.

behind from successive splitting of its table by one crevasse after another. The red rocks of the South Beach, where the boys pick up pretty jaspers, have probably also slid down from the same upstanding height. The Robin reefs, which put their heads above water at the fall of the tide, are remnants of such slidden blocks, and even Bonaventure Island, three miles away, seems to be the rounded remnant of a great four-sided block which has broken away from the parent mass of Ste. Anne and tipped downward so that its steep side fronts the sea beyond.

This Table-à-rolante, then, is a "relict-mountain," the remnant that is left after the other parts have been broken off along the vertical clefts and slipped away down the gradient of the underlying surface. The cause of this extraordinary mode of mountain making seems to be a simple one. All these rock strata of the Table-à-rolante rest flat on upturned limestones. All of them are coarse conglomerates, pudding stones and sandstones, thoroughly pervious to the waters, while the limestones beneath are more impervious and very highly soluble. Wherever the two rocks come together at the mountain base there is store of water so abundant that the village people have only to insert a pipe to supply their homes. This water dissolves the limestones freely, and little by little has worn out the foundation on which the mountain strata rest; has undermined them, and so they have broken away along vertical cracks in the great masses which have slowly traveled down the eroded surface of the limestone beds beneath.

I know no other such mountain—at least none which so brilliantly, with all the concomitant aspects of physical beauty, illustrates the extreme results of this process of rifting. We call it a relict-mountain, as it is but an undisturbed remnant of a greater one; it is also a "rift-mountain," produced by this unusual process of undermining and rifting. Some of the faces of the Catskill Mountains in New York are due to a similar cause acting at the same period in geological history but never carried to such an expressive and sublime extreme. The Table-à-rolante is entitled to all its honors, for it stands unique among the mountains.



The Great Rock of Percé has stood offshore through the ages, facing the brilliant skyline of the Murailles. The Percé Rock is made up of limestones which are discolored by rhythmic lines of iron-red and purple left by infiltering waters. Here is a fragment from this Rock in which a secondary influx of color lines has registered upon its heart the very outline of the Murailles Cliffs—Barré, the Three Sisters and the Pic d'Aurore, thence declining to the coulée from the Grande Coupe

Percesia

XV

Poseidon's deadly trident—The ruin of the land—New York's abandoned seal—The Lyonesse—Where lies the buried Atlantis—Land bridges across the Atlantic—The lost land of Gaspé; its boundaries—The eternal St. Lawrence—The rape of Percesia—The endless fugue—Rhythms of the inorganic.

THE imagination has loved to frolic with the lost lands which have fallen victim to the sea. The stories of the Atlantis that Plato put in the mouths of Critias and Timaeus have played upon the fancies of a hundred generations and given birth to uncountable sophomoric treatises. Among the Arthurian legends, in the eleventh-century chronicles of Florence of Worcester, are tales of the vanished islands of the Cornwall coast, the Lyonesse, which modern English fiction has wrought into romance. And it may well be true that these legends are traditions resting on a basis of fact, for nothing is more likely than that broken islets on ragged coasts should have given way to the waves. The pioneer pilots of New York's ship of State put on their great seal a device which represented a rocky islet against which the surges are breaking—*Frustra,* as they said in the legend about it. It was a venturesome figure indeed and far from the conception which the fathers had in mind. The fathers' sons saw more wisely that these waves would not beat upon the islet *in vain,* and so the symbol was discarded for one truer to their ideals. There may have

been a real Armorel for the lost Lyonesse of Land's End, and today geologists are seriously saying there may indeed have been an Atlantis beyond the Pillars of Hercules, even as the stories have told it. Careful acoustic measurements of the topography of the sea bottom along the coast of Spain and northern Africa show a wide and deep depression of great length which it is thought may be a downsunken block of earth out of whose broken mass have oozed upward the volcanic isles of Cape Verde, the Azores and the Canaries.

The rebuilding of ancient and lost land bridges across the seas, from Gaspé to Britain, from South America to Africa, is one of the fascinating deductions of modern geology in its attempts to picture the earth as it has been. Naturally our present seaboards are fringed with the remains of what the land has lost. Some Atlantis has gone down, perhaps, in a collapse of the earth's crust, but the Lyonesse and our own lost lands of Percesia have been gnawed away by the waves into rocky shoals or smoothed rock platforms. The imagination easily builds out the ragged gulf-front of Gaspé into its ancient demesne, and if restored to their old proportions, the lost mountains would be only the ranges of the present carried farther out to sea. The cliffs of the Forillon between Gaspé Bay and the St. Lawrence, with their rock beds sloping up toward the north, would have risen to high summits, to come down again on their farther curves perhaps five miles farther out. At least we can say that the sea platform which bounds the broader

channel of the river and has been smoothed off by the waves, lies far out, and the ends of those ridges ran ten miles or more out into the Gulf, for that is where the "American Bank" lies and its rocks are a part of them. The steep Murailles that face Malbay would have run high and well into that bay, and the mountains they made stretched eastward into the Gulf, taking in the capes of Joli and Canon and the Percé Rock. Their southern stretch was fortified by a majestic flank, of which Cap-Blanc is the coastwise remnant, while over their lower parts stretched the great horizontal rock mantle which reached from Ste. Anne to Bonaventure Island and beyond far out to sea.

That is the picture in part. It is like trying to restore the frayed and broken work of an old master, to bring its lineaments back to life; but the picture is not done till we repeople those lost lands with such creatures as found the joy of life upon them. On the vine-clad hills and valleys of Plato's lost Atlantis was a kingdom of men, and from its harbors sailed a fleet of vessels to the ports of other lands. On these rocky arches and intermonts of lost Percesia what Plato shall tell of the doings of life, of the forces incubating for better things in the hidden purposes of Nature? These are the lands Cartier might have found if he had come at an earlier day. His *Petite Hermine* would have threaded its way not across a gulf, around its islands and into its bays, but up the thoroughfares of a still greater St. Lawrence River bounded by its now lost banks and opening into the sea through the

channel which now separates Newfoundland from Cape Breton.*

Percesia, that romantic lost country of spruce-clad hills—when Nature addressed herself to its making it was with the artistic sense that found beauty in lofty heights without rugged and stupendous majesty. Seaward their skylines sunk to repose at the

* In this footnote seems an appropriate place to explain the ancient history of the St. Lawrence River as we understand it. Every great river has a different history in its different parts. The passing ages have added to or subtracted from its course. The Hudson, once a head-water branch of the St. Lawrence, for most of its history flowed northward, heading in the southern mountains of New York. Its southern portion is a stream of different origin that always flowed south. Now they are one, and not long since the river flowed a hundred miles beyond the present mouth out through a deep and beautiful gorge to the sea. A later age buried the southern end to its present level. With the St. Lawrence the history has been somewhat the same. Its early course from Montreal to near its present mouth is very ancient, but its upper waters through the Thousand Islands seem to have the aspect of a young river, with its diffuse contributaries still surrounding the remnants of its old divides. The lower river channel for a thousand miles is buried beneath the waters of the Gulf, from Cape Gaspé to Cape Race, and it seems from a study of the admiralty charts that a great branch draining a lost land at the northeast, flowed down or up the Strait of Belle-Isle. This buried channel, too, we think is very ancient and of common date with that which divides Quebec; but it was at the sensitive edge of the continent, subject to incursions of the sea with the change of level of the land. So far as we can now see, the buried channel was formed in the general breakdown of the soft Paleozoic rocks against the Laurentian crystallines, but doubtless these lower reaches have played various functions, sometimes of active erosion, again of great delta building over a broken seafront and of wandering bayous through broad coal jungles; sometimes an almost enclosed sea, and now effectively such a sea, but joining the ocean through its ancient but submerged channels.

water edge, their summits declined into wavy plains, and only as this gnawing centaur which would be fed with virgin shores came in upon them, eating back to the mountain spines, have they put on the caparison of sturdy warriors fighting, but fighting vainly, for their own. And farther south along the New Brunswick waters, where the lost lands were broad and low and the curving ranges of the Forillon reached around to enarch them, these, together with all the rest that the waves have devoured since the days the old St. Lawrence traversed the Gulf-land, must have made so many thousand square miles that the Percé which survives is but a fragment of an ancient kingdom, raped by the sea, ground in the mill of the gods, thrown broadcast like the stones of Deucalion and Pyrrha to build up other shores.

It would seem highly Byronic to drop into sentiment over such a commonplace as the beating of the waves upon the shore. But they are the effective engine of change and there is a deeper philosophy in their rhythm than even the poetic vision has seen.

The roll of the wave, whether tapping the beaches like a sated kitten playing with a mouse, or irresistible as it roars its mad appetite, is a pulsation of the Great Heart. I am not speaking in figurative terms. We catch the sibilant music of its breaking top at sea, the deepest note of its bluster upon the shoal, without a thought perhaps that it is the vibrant life of the earth, the heartbeat of the "inorganic." We are accustomed to speak of the inorganic in contrast to the vital, but to present thought there is no "inor-

ganic." In the waves of light beyond the violet to which our eyes are not attuned, though so-called lower creatures than we may perceive them, are forces potent for our good or evil, and in the rays beyond the red where our perceptions end again, there too are vibrations to which our happiness and comfort are adjusted. The perfume borne from the wild rose to our dull, depauperated nerves of smell, is the impact of the waves it sets in motion, and those waves, we are told, are not motion alone, but substance in motion. To what music of the earth-rhythms are our ears yet still? The tides rise and fall; the land sinks and the ocean takes its place; the land rises and the sea recedes; these and the cycles of time are a diapason so deep that through our ears we can not hear them, though their pulsations are the undertone of life. The diastrophies of earth-making are a music whose notation and harmonics can be known only to him who listens through his mind and heart. These are the silent harmonies of which the walls which enwrap the Île Percée are builded. My lamented friend, Joseph Barrell of Yale, wrung the music from a wall of rock of water-laid sediments, by showing how the record, if correctly read, is a succession of rests and beats. The quiet waters lay down their deposits in uninterrupted conformity, till a storm wave of short length and greater height breaks them. The high note passes and subsides into the lower beat, again recorded in unbroken deposits. Slowly the sea bottom is raised above the waves and the hardened sands and clays are worn jagged and rough by the rains and streams;

slowly the land sinks beneath the waters and on its uneven strata are again laid the even deposits of the quiet sea. Thus about him everywhere, if one will read and listen, lie the symphonies of the rocks.

W. Duval, phot.

A Glimpse of the Gannets of Bonaventure Island

The Cries of the Sea-Fowl

XVI

The living cliffs of Bonaventure Island—Le Trou-aux-Margots—The largest of the great sea-fowl colonies of the North Atlantic—A venerable settlement—The present destruction of the birds—Roosevelt on bird protection—The colony on Percé Rock—The guardian of the Gannets—Plans for the protection of these colonies.

IN this chapter I desire to set forth the greater glory of Bonaventure Island. It is, in its own way, an island of romance in its beginnings and in its human history. Its very insulation is enhanced by a channel of hard-rushing tides separating it from the mainland. Elsewhere we have said the island itself is a downsunken block of red rocks set awry off the coast of Percé, with its northeastern face sharp and sheer, high above the waters, its western sloping gently down to the channel. It lies like a book on a sloping desk, or a grounded ice-floe on an uneven bottom. Lost parts of it project themselves on the near side of the channel, but on the gulf side all the extensions of its horizontal ledges have been swept out into the deeper waters. Its cliffs are, in themselves, rather wondrous things, regardless of what is on them, for they still bear the birthmarks of the island.

In the account we have given of the Table-à-rolante, the idea has been intentionally conveyed that the strata of that mesa-mountain had undergone but slight disturbance, which is true for them in their

upstanding place. But Bonaventure, a reft-off part of that mesa, has suffered more, and as the voyager skirts the island cliffs on the north, among nooks and bays, for each of which the fishermen have their name, he may see the wound in the rocks where the heavy ledges broke apart under their strains, and the massive scars where these gaping wounds have been knit together by the healing waters. In Indian days, Bonaventure was the lair of a frightful ogre who could span the channel to the mainland at a single step and who wore a garment with great pockets which he filled with women and girls whom he took back to his den to eat. And when he washed his garment it was hung over the edge of the high north cliffs to dry, so that from it drained all the devil's black and red which you see today staining these cliffs in such extraordinary fashion from top to foot, a spectrum of the blacks, blue-blacks, reds and yellows made by seepage of iron, manganese and peat from the sod banks overhead. These are the Duval Cliffs, carrying the name of William Duval, heir and custodian of all the legends of the island.

We have told also of the human settlement of the island; it was a productive fishing station more than a century before the Janvrins came, in the last of the eighteenth century. Probably its largest population was in the days before the American *forbans* burned its church of St. Claire. There is a romance in the traditional doings of the Janvrins, who not only caught fish but fitted out privateers to prey upon the Frenchmen of the Gulf. There are the legends which

persistently cling to the name of Capt. Peter John Duval, who became proprietor of much of the island, —a privateer under royal commission, who did doughty deeds in Biscay waters before he retired to this island desmesne.

But the engaging living fact about Bonaventure Island is that the mighty ledges on its far side are the resting places of vast armies of sea-fowl, the largest of all the breeding places of these birds yet remaining in the waters of the Gulf.

Even to one who has visited the Bird Rocks of the Magdalens and climbed among their sheer walls, the Bonaventure cliffs are the more impressive and there is no denying that, apart from the human souls of the settlement, this colony of birds is the most palpitating fact in Percé.

There are in this colony, alined along the horizontal rock ledges, thousands of sea-fowl, captained in number by the Gannet, *Sula bassana,* otherwise known as the Solan goose of the Bass Rock, off Edinburgh; the most beautiful of all our sea-fowl, dressed in snow-white plumage with black-tipped wings and saffron-tinted head. This is the largest colony of Gannets on our Atlantic coast. The Gannet colonies of St. Kilda, Ailsa Craig, the Bass Rock, of the Skelligs off Kerry, may have grown larger than this under the protection which the British law has thrown about them, for on some of the islands there an admission fee is charged to visitors who wish to see the birds. Mr. Taverner, the well-known ornithologist of Ottawa, some years ago took a panoramic series of

photographs of these ledges from which he estimated that, in the height of the breeding season, the Gannets number from 7000 to 8000. But these Gannets do not live alone. Here and on the Bird Rocks of the Magdalens the same association of birds have kept house together through years which date back, not to the *ancien régime,* but to the *régime le plus ancien:* Kittiwakes, Murres, Guillemots, Puffins, Razorbill Auks; an harmonious democracy.

The Bonaventure cliffs are not the only bird colony of Percé. The narrow top of the Percé Rock is the nesting place of another combination—the Herring Gull and the Crested Cormorant. These birds make a constant nimbus about the smooth, rolling top of the great Rock; their incessant chatter through the day, their low crooning over their young through the night, are noises which belong to the Percé shore as much as the roll of the waves on its strands. The call of the returning Gulls in the spring is the first sign of the *belle saison,* and with their departure in October the season is gone again.

Not long since, one might see, of a summer day, the ledges of Bonaventure or the beaches of Percé strewn with the bodies of these great, beautiful birds, brought down by some "sportsman" who took pride in this brutish display of his prowess, but a growing sense of repugnance and disgust at these invasions of an impressive natural phenomenon and impatience with the pantophobia of anglers over the welfare of their baby trout and salmon, have succeeded at last in bringing all these birds on Percé Rock, Bonaventure

and the *île-aux-margots* of the Magdalens under the protective care of the Province of Quebec. The new Quebec law is one of the finest sentimental acts in the records of the Province, and the new reserve, reaching from the shores of Percé 124 miles out to sea, is perhaps the largest in America. That it was in high time, let this story, from the reminiscences of Béchard, bear witness, the uplifting picture of a diversion in the Percé waters, popular in his day—the slaughter of the young Gulls. "It is," he says, "generally from 4 to 8 o'clock that this amusing chase begins and there is nothing more beautiful, nothing so exciting. The boats are manned by three fishermen, a hunter and two oarsmen. They run in every direction and with admirable address shoot the young birds as they rise from the water. The old birds are tortured at the sight and hover over the hunters, filling the air with their cries of distress. The fire of the guns echoing from the flanks of the Percé Rock raises a cloud of gulls and cormorants which join the shrill and deafening cries. Not infrequently the boats come back with 30 or 40 of the birds in each." A charming picture! Over against which let me set one of the last expressions of the late Colonel Theodore Roosevelt on the subject of bird protection.* He is speaking of the Passenger Pigeon, one of our wild birds which our own ignorance and indifference have driven to extinction:

> If it was published in the papers today that all the works of Rembrandt had been burned there would be a perfect

* New York State Museum Opening, Proceedings, Dec., 1916.

outcry. Yet when we hear that the Passenger Pigeon, one of the most extraordinary and characteristic birds of this hemisphere or of the world, is entirely extinct, people have not the intelligence even to be sorry. It is possible that humanity will produce a new Rembrandt; but it is impossible to produce a new Passenger Pigeon. Yet it formerly existed in this State [and in Canada] in countless millions. The Passenger Pigeon was exterminated through sheer brutal, reckless and largely wanton slaughter by our so-called civilized people. . . . And the legislatures would not stop the butchery. We know the reasons for the extinction of the Passenger Pigeon. These reasons were fundamentally that our people *were not civilized.* That is the whole truth. We did not understand, and would not take the trouble to understand, what a merciless deed of vandalism we were doing in permitting brutal or short-sighted men to butcher the birds in season and out of season, killing them especially in their nesting grounds. We said, "Oh, well, the game belongs to the people," meaning thereby that it belonged to every creature with a shot gun and no conscience who chose to butcher it.

Solstice and Equinox

XVII

Sun-worship by the Algic and Iroquois Indians—Their knowledge of the equinoxes—The "Sun Worshippers" by Lithgow—The veneration of the ether—Equinoctial vision on Mt. Ste. Anne—End of a summer's day—Winter's tight clutch—Its lessons.

FATHER LECLERCQ, as we have particularly noticed, was not the accredited spiritual guide of the French on the coast, but the formally invested missionary to the aborigines of Gaspé. These aborigines were of Algic stock, century-old enemies of the Iroquois Confederacy whose fame and arm had reached even to these distant coasts. Their geographical position was a hard one, their struggle for an existence dependent on forest and sea and their attainment in mentality very far behind that of the great Iroquois League on the fertile fields of New York. Yet both were sun-worshipers and both seem to have made their devotions to the sun-god in the same sacrificial way. To neither was the sun the Great Spirit or the Manitou, but only a symbolic expression of the Spirit's majesty and dominance of all things of life. So they both had learned to recognize and venerate the equinoxes and the solstices. We may think these primitive astronomical facts, but they required a keen study of the skies and a certain calendar of the days. The Micmacs seem to have lost, in the welter of things thrust upon them, all this natural knowledge to which their ancestors had attained, but

on the Iroquois reservations there is still the veneration of the sun at the vernal equinox and summer solstice. In my *Sketches of Gaspé* I ventured, taking a suggestion from LeClercq's relations, to picture the Micmac welcome to the rising equinoctial sun from the summit of Mt. Ste. Anne, and David Lithgow, the artist of our restorations of Iroquois life, has made this the theme of his fine painting over the entrance to the great Iroquois groups of the New York State Museum; as true for Iroquois as for Micmac. We, too, are sun-worshipers. There is no paganism in our veneration of this paramount control of our whole physical being, our source of the force that bathes us with life, a force that travels to us through one common ether which binds together all the members of our planetary system.

And thus I pictured the equinoctial sunrise in Percé:

It was the feast of the Sun, and long before that orb had flushed the eastern sky with the faintest suggestion of his approach, while the stars still shone with the white fire of burning steel and the shimmering sheets of the aurora lit up the celestial vault, the chieftain aroused his people from their shortened slumber. Sire, seer and lad, maid, matron and babe on back, led by Ongwe, leaving their encampment under the shelter of the sea-wall, trailed slowly through the unbroken snow of the spruce woods up the long northern slope of the great mountain. The difficult passage was made in silence save for the crackling of the twigs and the sharp creak of the frost. Halfway up, the gentler slope was passed and the steep plateau lowered over them. Turning eastward, the chieftain saw the sun-star, herald of the coming god, blazing

his course above the horizon, and a low word of urgent command renewed their upward progress. The last hard slopes were finally passed and the gentle floor of the summit was reached as the reddening east betokened the coming of the equinoctial sun.

Standing at the crest and on the edge of the sharp cliff, his people behind him, the Sagamo stood attent. The increasing glow in the east outlined the distant Bonaventure Island and silhouetted the Percé Rock. Over the glistening water, beyond the frozen channel, the soft refulgence deepened into a golden orange. The fires burned, the red cliffs of the mountain caught the warmer rays and the shadowy outline of the sea cliffs at the south became fixed. An arc of gold breached the horizon. As it reached the eye of the chieftain, he threw from him his cloak of castor, his deerskin shirt and clout, loosed from his feet the mooseskin moccasins; naked as he was born, and rigid as if dead, he stood in the presence of the Lord of Day. While the sun traversed the skyline and till its lowest arc rebounded from the lingering clasp of the sea, he stood as if carved from the mountain. As it cleared itself and the day had broken, the chieftain lifted up his arms extended wide apart in adoration, and cried aloud, "Ho! Ho! Ho!" the time-old salutation. After him the little multitude behind thus saluted the god of light and warmth and life, herald of a new summer. With uplifted arms, he poured forth his supplication to the divine ark for his people and himself, bowing low as he prayed for the safe-keeping of their wives and children, for triumph over their enemies, for success in the hunt and fishing, for the preservation of their life and a long posterity.

The eyes of the chieftain now yielding before the darts of the Sun God, he drew his discarded garments about him and then gazed in silence over the wondrous scene spread out before him. The day had risen clear as ice, and the first of

the sun's rays drove before them a gauze of fog which, lifting, tinged with carmine the thin blue line of the distant Forillon, its wavy summits, its bluff headland and towering obelisk. In the nearer distance, across the northern bay, Point St. Peter and its island took on the dark strength of the full day while the shimmering light of the waters danced gleefully against the ice floes. Straight down between his feet lay the triangle of Percé, headed by Mont-Joli, flanked at the left by Cape Barré and at the right by Cap-Canon; the battue piled high with broken ice and at its end the crested cliff of the Pierced Rock. Bonaventure guarded the open waters, robed in her snow and spruce. His gaze swept to the south, over the head of Cap-Blanc, along the distant coves of Beaufils to Cape d'Espoir, and beyond, in the dimmest distance, his eye could catch the faintly penciled outline of Miscou and Shippegan, forty miles away. The wondrous beauty and primitive grandeur of the scene bathed in the effulgence of the new sun awoke a response in kind from the breast of this child of the soil. He turned his face inland toward the flat-topped mountains which sweep to their higher summits in the wilderness behind and roll up, one beyond another, until their curves are merged into the sky; but started with a throb and half-suppressed bound as his eyes confronted, on a projecting plateau till now concealed in the half light by a thin spruce thicket,—a cross, towering high above the undergrowth. Ah, yes! the cross; it was the good missioner's symbol of life, as the sun was his. Had not he and his people helped to bear it up the mountain and to plant it there? It was their white brother's wish and ought he not?—he threw a quick glance upon his followers. Their eyes, too, were fixed upon the cross, some with indifference, but here and there an arm dropping from forehead to breast had silently and almost surreptitiously repeated the symbol —the sign manual of the new religion. Turning from it,

Ongwe let his gaze again linger over the brilliant tapestry of the sea and shore, and covering his eyes with his hand raised his face once more to the dazzling sun, seeming to bathe himself in its warmth and glory, then took his way down the trail with no more concern for the white màn's cross.

So rose the sun, perhaps, that equinoctial morning; and so in following wise evening may drop its veil upon a summer's day:

The pronged cliffs of the Murailles project their jagged sky-line into the flood of gold, their black-green backs in the shadow creeping upward from earth—the mantle of the coming night. From the spot where the burning torch has dropped from sight, sheets of gilt tinge all the sextant of the west, tipping with golden lacquer the bellies of the cloud-whales and dolphins of the long cirro-cumulus which stretch away in perfect quietude toward the northern waters. Amongst and through them the tints of the fading day flash, from flames of gold to orange, and from orange into evening pinks; farther hence, tinting the distant low-lying fog bank now with heliotrope, then with lavender rolling up into a great mass of purple fringed with umber. Above and beneath are the blues; the deep glistening sapphire of the spreading, twinkling, sleepy sea, bordered above, at first by the darker opaque blue hills of Malbay and beyond by the thin saxon-blue, enwrapping the mountains of the Forillon and Ship-head Cape beyond the Gaspé Bay. Arched over all, the shadowy azure of an evening sky spotted here and there by the dark outlines of the waterfowl—like winged spirits on the window-panes of heaven.

Some may say that much of this story is but a picture of a summer day in Gaspé. True enough, per-

haps, and such are not too many. But winter is not of discontent. The sombre days come often and sure, and why should we dwell upon them? A Madonna is a sweeter thing to look upon than a crucifix.

The latitudes are high (as we reckon them in the western world) and the sun hangs low after the autumn equinox; the cold is stern and frost is king far more than half the year; then the ice blanket spreads itself over the bays, across the channel to the island; the snow overtops the fences, and you may drive which way you like. The first snowfall sends the men into their wood lots back on the farther ranges, on Crown lands leased at moderate rates for purposes of fuel. Early and late, as long as the snow lasts, these wood lots ring with a pioneer echo from the axe, for the wood taken out must be enough to last the summer through and the succeeding winter as well. As you pass along the roads in summer you will see beside each house a dome of chopped wood, stove length, and running out from it a long, rambling pile of corded wood, like a great wooden snake with head and mouth at the kitchen door. There is the supply for present summer and coming winter. Experience has taught this forehandedness and only a lazy fellow will stop with his summer's wood alone. The life of the place in winter is transplanted to the woods, and except for that—well—; but the winter with all its beauties of nights glowing aloft with the blazing aurora among the diamond-like refractions of the stars, is hard—but hard only because accustomed occupations are suspended. Within closed doors and

windows, too often in fear of the pure cold air, disease finds an easy foothold and the approach of the close season is the heyday of the Reaper and his retinue of mischievous germs. It is the historic condition, but an evil one. Yet it would be a treachery to intimate that the winter outside was not a source of full-hearted robustious joy. There are rides over the ice of the lesser bays and channels, for visits long deferred, snowshoes for daily use and competing hockey games on the land-locked waters. You may hear exciting tales of the risks taken in crossing back and forth over the tide channel to Bonaventure Island, of parties on snowshoe or sleigh racing at top pace for the shore while the ice was heaving and cracking behind them on its way out. And hereto follows a winter's maxim:

The greatest fortitude and sturdiest vigor are developed under the rigors and impulses of cold. The polar waters and lands teem with life. Sea-fowl and fishes, which have spent their resting months in the languorous South, rush to the North to raise their young within its invigorating temperatures so that they may have a right start in life. During all the past of life upon the earth, it seems that wave after wave of migration of fauna and flora has been from some subpolar latitude toward some equator, and it is right to conceive that to the vigor of our distant origin under the frosty arcs we owe much of our present estate. The world, they say, owes its progress in robust achievement to the man of the north temperate zone. But this is not a statement of all the truth—only of one phase

of it. It is a predication, if anything, of what we are doing now in the progress of our adjustment. Our cold weather culture is a restless thing, impelling the spirit to the accomplishment of tangible results for which, in its deeper roots, it cares nothing. To be "doing something," to be "of service," to "get results," to keep moving and astir, to give the soul no rest: is not this our cold weather culture? Developed out of some such state unfinished as this, but under milder skies, came the glory that was Greece, the mind of Aristotle, finest product of humanity, the wisdom of Socrates and Plato, the immortal lines of beauty which intertwine in the memories of poet and sculptor of Athens and Rome, prophet and priest in Assyria and Egypt, and in the codes of Palestine. To some such state again, under such milder mediterraneous skies, our cold weather culture, in the turn of the cycle, may come again bearing with it all the flowers it has gathered on its pathway.

If we are disposed to be really philosophical, whatever that antipragmatic term may imply, we may as well recognize the fact that the simple life of this coast, which is actually the life of the great majority everywhere and relatively the life of all on these Catonian shores, is the life which really endures. I mean by that it is the life which is ever entering slowly into something better, through sons and daughters born and to be born, and ever leaves a greater share behind it as simple as at the start. The starting point must always endure, the seed must remain if the fruitage is to continue. We are taught today the

immortality of the simple. The germ-plasm goes on, while the heart breaks down and our bodies dissolve away, and so we are immortal only in terms of the simple; or, to put it another way, only as we become as little children can we hope to inherit the Kingdom of God. There is an analogy here which may have more truth than some analogies, for the vast majority of mankind must always be of simple mind, intent upon the simple and material things of life, which, to be concise and plain, are the making of money or something that represents money. Of poets and prophets, of men of letters and seers of science, there must always be few and they are not likely to be understood or appreciated in their own day, though they have stood guard over the jewel casket of the race.

Off Bonaventure Island

Jail Days in Gaspé

XVIII

CHARITIES commissioners, public almoners and others disposed to eleemosynariness, might profitably enlarge their judgment by a brief study of the penology of our county. There are smooth-rounded corners to sin in Gaspé which make it, perhaps, no more inviting but certainly much easier to abide than the rough-angled sort we stumble over at the crossroads of the world. Justice is no stranger to us, but she is not foolishly blindfolded nor does she wield such a big, two-edged blade to decapitate us into submission as she is made to in the symbols of English justice. I would not be unfair to this historic lady, bandaged as if for conjunctivitis, with one hand holding the balances and the other the executioner's sword. She seems intended to symbolize the square deal; but I am not sure she is of Anglo-Saxon birth, a child of Magna Carta, for in my bookcase lies a venerable *Theocritus,* printed in 1545 from the same press that issued Luther's first edition of the New Testament, and its pigskin cover carries a florid and ample *Justicia* embellished with all the historic paraphernalia.

Sin, I would say, is not congenial here with us, but we try to strip it of its horrors in a feeling of true fellowship. Transgressors and correctors, misdemeanants and the courts, together unite in a genuine mutual welfare endeavor.

The county jail over across the street in the shire-

town of Percé is so unobtrusive an adjunct of our correctional system that it can hardly be distinguished from the *Palais-de-Justice* of which it forms a minor part, hidden away in the rear. In front are the offices of the high sheriff, the prothonotary and the court chambers; the places where the county business proceeds with dignified dispatch but without needless division of function, for the sheriff is the postmaster, and the custodian of the jail is at times the mayor of our municipality; not that competent men for all functions are lacking, but we are not prone to extravagance in any form.

A very dignified building is our court house and its attendant prison since the murderer gave it a fresh coat of paint. It stood up bravely and square-shouldered for many years in its cod-oil brown with white trimmings, its body, to the flagmast on its head, set off by the dark green spruce of the mountain beneath which it stands. On the tip of its mainmast sits a vane, a true emblem of Gaspé Justice, not to be switched around by every wind that blows. In spite of the clamor of the breezes and the noises of the claque, it points the quarter whence the wind should blow, whether it blows thence or not.

The murderer has, I said, painted the jail. Poor chap! We called him the murderer, but *le bon Dieu* only knows whether he deserved it and our jury, inspired by compassion, left the final judgment to that higher court. He was a Lettish sailor who, while drunk, the indictment said, stabbed his companion to death in Gaspé Harbor. None could speak his out-

landish tongue, nothing but circumstances could indicate his crime or innocence before the court. We did not look upon him as a hideous wild beast, thirsty for the blood of his fellows, but as a fellow man led astray for the moment by the Scottish byword, which doubtless he had never heard, "Whiskey gives freedom." So during the days of his dalliance in confinement he was let to do much as he might like. He knew well enough how to paint ship, and so he helped pay his board to the county by painting the *Palais,* and a good job he made of it.

We do not have many prisoners at a time, seldom more than one, and often for a long time none at all. Yet Gaspé is a tremendous county; there is plenty of room to go astray in. But we are not evil-minded and our mode of life was orderly enough till that aromatic sprite Gasolena arrived on our shores. Lately the county has put up an outdoor swing for its prisoners, one of those double-seated wooden affairs held up by a three-cornered rack, a comfortable device where one can sit or lie all day in the sun and watch the procession of doings on the street. Now and again, as I write, I see a fellow on a six months' sentence for selling liquors on this prohibition coast, in the swing passing the pleasant hours; not all the hours, indeed, for sometimes he is strolling across the fields of an evening bringing home the jailer's cow. There is an ample pile of cord wood in the jail yard waiting to be sawed and split, but it doesn't seem to interest him. I sometimes wish that Dickens had come to Gaspé.

Jonathan Oldbuck (Sir James LeMoine) in his day was disposed to chuckle over a conversation (which, I presume, he invented) between the jailer and the jail inspector down from Quebec. The inspector wanted to see the prisoners but the jailer could not produce them because they had gone trout fishing up the Barachois river.

Long years ago, the chief cause of incarceration was violation of the fishing contract. Those were the days when the "truck," or credit system was still in full plumage, and it was the practice for the fishing proprietors to make annual contracts with the fishermen in which the master agreed to furnish boat and gear and the fisherman to serve so and so many days, spring and fall, with a *degrat* in summer, if necessary for farming purposes, etc., he to receive a definite price for his fish, either by the draft green or the quintal dried. Violation of this agreement on the part of the fisherman was no venial sin, for it tended to demoralize the business of the coast and was likely to be visited with severe penalty. Our fishermen are not so lazy as some, but lazy enough, God knows, and they have all sorts of well-cherished superstitions about wind, weather and bait, to help keep them so. The proprietor who had bound himself to keep these men going with store credit in advance of fish, often found himself near the edge of the cliff if the contract was broken, and so these procrastinators were very much in the way of being jailed for their sins of omission, which were, after all, but gentle bendings of the law.

In the harder days before the swing was put up, we, the Reverend Gentle Shepherd particularly, used to run in and visit these rare offenders and take them a little tobacco, while their meals were sent over to them from our boarding house and just as good as we had ourselves. Now they go over from the Hotel Bisson. We pay for ours; the county pays for theirs, and as far as we can see there is no special advantage in not being a prisoner.

Only once in my recollection was our jail actually overrun with prisoners. That was the time of the never-to-be-forgotten strike of the fishermen at Fox River. For the first and only time in the history of the coast this modern method of forcing the proprietors to raise the price of fish showed its ugly head with all the rough, up-to-date accessories. Without organization of any kind, but making common cause and fired by the unruly spirit of "John DeKuyper," the Fruing fishermen at this distant spot upon the south shore of the St. Lawrence broke loose, assaulted the managers, destroyed company property and then marched down the road to the lower station at L'Anse-à-Gris-fonds, adding to their number as they went, in riotous disorder. In vast alarm the country was afire and word went out to Quebec and Halifax for aid. So down from Halifax came a government vessel with a cargo of redcoats, the very sight of whom brought panic to the strikers. Sixteen misdemeanants were brought out under arrest to our jail and forthwith set free, for we really could not accommodate and feed so many visitors. The strike was

over, and indeed, the men could not well be spared from the fishing.

For a little while there has been another *pensionnaire* in our jail while awaiting trial, and I am told that when his acquittal followed, our present tourist, who is passing the summer months in pleasant durance, was disposed to protest that the Court should have given the defendant a sentence and, so doing, not deprive the remaining guest of a companion to help push the swing. The gentle felon!

Such considerate and humane treatment of our fellows who, in moments of impulse or ill judgment, may have gone a little aside, commends itself, for with us in Gaspé the quality of mercy is not strained.

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